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A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines

MRS. EVELYN PRIMM

Dark-eyed Mrs. Evelyn Primm of Gardena, Calif., may be the most accurate woman trapshooter of all time. This beautiful former model now rates a 26-yard handicap, the highest for any woman in the history of the sport. Only two men, both with 27-yard handicaps, surpass her. Evelyn took up trapshooting three years ago because "it looked like fun." Evelyn is also a licensed pilot and a good water skier.



LADY NANCY ASTOR

Diminutive Lady Nancy Astor, Virginia-born and former member of the British House of Commons, characterizes herself as "just a fair woman golfer," despite a 20 handicap that makes her the envy of most women her age (75). Lady Astor did some golfing at Pinehurst, N.C., recently, got down in sixes and sevens for most holes. Her drives were straight, about 150 yards, but the rolling greens gave her putting troubles. She loves golf, has been playing about 30 years and had a 14 handicap at the height of her prowess. Lady Astor plays most of her golf at the venerable Royal St. George's Course at Sandwich in Kent. Once she reached the finals of the Parliamentary golf tournament. "It's a good healthy game," she enthuses, "and I don't like cocktail parties."

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JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**Is there such a
thing as a 100%
honest golfer?
(asked at Palm Beach)**

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, London and Palm Beach

Galler:



"I've never played against anyone who deliberately cheated. However, there are few amateur golfers in amateur tournaments.

That's not 100%, honest. Two former pros, Chuck Kneiss and Ted Bishop, have played in the amateur Walker Cup. But Britishers are true amateurs."

E. F. HUTTON, Westbury, N.Y.

Investment Banker:



"I feel that I'm a 100% honest golfer. But I have my doubts about my opponents. That's because I'm naturally opposed to them. Let's put it this way: After many years of playing golf on many golf links, I'm convinced that there are no such people as 100% honest golfers, only 100% honest politicians."

TED BISHOP, Norfolk, Mass.

**Former National
Amateur Champion**



"Yes, in tournament golf. You can't be anything but 100% honest. Too many are watching and they keep score for you.

But outside the tournaments, the stories you hear at the 19th hole are out of *The Arabian Nights*. I wouldn't call them dishonest, exactly. They're like fish stories."

MRS. GREGG DODGE, Detroit

Housewife:



"I don't think there's such a thing as a 100% honest man—period."

JIM McHALE, Philadelphia

**Two-Time Number
Walker Cup Team:**



"The average golfer I was one before playing tournament golf—doesn't hesitate to improve his lie and forget an occasional stroke. I got so that I'd never argue about another guy's handicap. In fact, I never met a golfer who admitted he could play to his handicap."

COUNTESS ELSA FILIPPO

New York and Naples:



"Yes, but you have to look for them. Unlike Diogenes, you should be able to find a 100% honest golfer once out of four tries without

using a lamp. That's similar to everyday life, but people shy away from the thought. I married four times. I finally found an honest man on the fourth try."

LERAY W. BERGEOU, Palm Beach

**Chairman, Everglades
Golf Club:**



"That's open to debate, particularly when you try to excavate or dig out individual handicaps. Every golfer knows the feeling behind the question, 'What's your handicap?' If there's a golfer anywhere who will answer that question truthfully, I have yet to meet him. Me? Mine is 25."

DR. CHARLES CROCKER, San Francisco

**Executive Secretary, Pan
American Medical Assn.**



"There's no question but that golf brings out the worst in people. Men break their clubs or throw them away. I've actually seen a frustrated golfer throw his clubs into the Pacific. They want to be 100% honest, but with such a strain on their nerves, you have to be tolerant."



"I know one. The Palm Beach newspapers printed his obituary. He reached in the cup for his ball. A snake bit him and he died before medical aid arrived. There went the last honest golfer. Now I suppose my husband's friends will say: 'No wonder Bill Filer wins so much money playing golf.'"

J. LESTER EISNER, Palm Beach
Retired



"When he starts out, yes. Then he learns the dodges. He'll ground his club in the sand trap but won't take the penalty. When keeping his own score he may fool himself. If he improves his lie slightly, that's all in fun. But once at the top of his game, he is quick to note these deviations in others."

J. H. WILLIAMSON, Palm Beach
Lawyer



"Certainly, at least 89 1/2", honest. I know a ball is often picked up to identify it, a lie is improved because of grounds under repair or casual water, or one has to refer to the caddy for the total number of strokes. All this may be misunderstood but it is always in the interest and integrity of the game."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

How do you feel about the controversy between the skin-divers and conventional fishermen?

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

MANY of our readers undoubtedly read in last week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that Budd Schulberg had been named to receive the 1955 Bengal Bouts Award at the University of Notre Dame, as "The man who has done most for boxing in the last year." The award was in part a tribute to Schulberg's story (SI, Nov. 1) of the Cavilan-Saxton fight in Philadelphia, uncovering such undercover, underworld figures as Blinky Palermo and Frankie Carbo behind the match—and calling for an investigation of the entire "dark underside of boxing."



SCHULBERG RECEIVES AWARD FROM MORDE BRAUSE.

Most often in years past the Bengal Bouts Award has gone to champions like Tony Zale and Rocky Marciano. Unlike them Schulberg has for some time confined his contributions to boxing to activities outside the ropes. He has been close to the game, around the fighters and the men around fighters ever since, as a youngster in Hollywood, his favorite haunt during spare time became the Los Angeles Main Street gym.

Although he boxed—for fun—his last appearance in gloves occurred as a spur-of-the-moment sparring partner for a heavyweight he sponsored. "It was a one-minute decision," Schulberg says. "Also for me a lifetime one—to write, not fight."

Upon graduation from Dartmouth in 1936, Schulberg became a script writer in Hollywood, published his first best-selling novel, *What Makes Sammy Run?* out of his Hollywood experience, then spent four years with the Navy and the OSS. After the war he turned to boxing for his second novel, *The Harder They Fall*, a cutting account of the carefully engineered rise and fall of a heavyweight champion no one mistook for anyone else but Primo Carnera.

Most recently, Schulberg has been nominated for an Academy Award for writing *On the Waterfront*. Many of the actors in the film are ex-prize fighters, no coincidence, but largely as a result of Schulberg's own recommendation—based on his appreciation for fighters as courageous, expressive and sensitive men whose circumstances never require them to learn how to overact. In a word, Schulberg respects fighters.

He also respects, as does this magazine for which he writes, boxing. In our Oct. 11 issue he wrote, "The other day I was asked point-blank what line I was going to take on boxing, for or against. Naturally I'm for. Otherwise I wouldn't be here."

Along with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, what Schulberg is *not* for is boxing riddled with the dirty business of corrupt men; and similarly not for are millions of its fans.

Neither, it seems, is Notre Dame University. Otherwise, last week, Budd Schulberg would not have been *there* either.

Harry Phillips



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MARCH 28, 1955

SPORTS OF U.S. PRESIDENTS

It's almost a tradition for the occupant of the White House to have a sports interest. Many chief executives have made a point of participating in or watching sports to gain relief from the pressure of day-to-day work. Others have built vacations around sports activities. Can you match the presidents below with their favorite sports, as pictured on the right? If you would like to check your answer, write for the solution to Answers, Sports Illustrated, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.



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THE GIANTS IN THEM DAYS!

BULL HARGAN

WHEN a presbyopic sports fan tells me that athletes are no longer what they should be, I don't argue. It's much easier to agree with him. It's also more fun. Sometimes I even tell a story, such as one which typifies the spirit of Bull Hargan, scrappy manager of the famous old Spike-eaters baseball team of the gaslight era. The first day Hargan took over the reins his star center fielder, Tom Calligan, hit a homer into the bleachers. Calligan trotted around the bases, doffing his cap, and grinning contentedly as he loped over home plate. Instantly Hargan, blazing mad, stormed out of the dugout and slapped a \$50 fine on him. "When anybody on this team comes into home plate," he stormed, "I want them to slide!"

That was the kind of ball Hargan taught—hard fighting ball until the last man was out, and sometimes until the police had cleared the field. However, Hargan went in for strategy too. Many's the time his infielders knocked the wind out of opposing base-runners digging elbows in their stomachs. And many's the time he stopped enemy catchers from snagging foul flies by throwing a bat under their feet. In fact it was Hargan's zealousness in this respect that led to the 1887 rule change forbidding throwing bats at catchers. The game, regrettably, has since softened up in many other respects as well.

Hargan had a great knack for turning a phrase, coining such baseball maxims as: "They can't beat you if you score more runs than they do," and "You can't get to second unless you get to first first." But it was his insistence on sliding that was Bull's outstanding trait. His players slid into all bases. They slid into the dug-out. They slid into restaurants and Pullman cars. Later in the season they slid into the second division and ended up in last place. Unfortunately Hargan had one weakness on which his opponents eventually learned to capitalize. He insisted on pitching every game.

—PARKE CUMMINS



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The Maharaja of Mysore personally takes a hand in the extermination of a marauding beast. The exciting story of a crack-shot prince and the terror of the jungle, told in exclusive photographs by YLLA.
- 17 **THE BIG SURPRISE OF 1955**
Cinderella team from the University of San Francisco deposes mighty La Salle and takes home the NCAA basketball title. HY PERKIN's pictures and a special report on the Kansas City finals
- 22 **A RIOT FOR ROCKET**
Just when the Montreal Canadiens were on the verge of winning the National Hockey League championship, Star Forward Maurice (Rocket) Richard was banned for the season. SE brings pictures of the resulting riots which turned the city of Montreal into a battleground
- 24 **FAME AND HEARTBREAK IN THE GOLDEN GLOVES**
In a floodlit triple ring in Chicago, the young hopefuls of boxing's greatest amateur tournament are battling it out for the championships which may mean their fortune. The story of the long, long grind which has produced some of boxing's finest champions, by LEE GRIGGS
- 30 **IS THIS A SPORT?**
Maybe the point is debatable—but there is no doubt that square dancing, which has caught up some 20 million Americans in its giddy whirl, has action and beauty which are all its own. For proof, see this picture IN COLOR by HY PERKIN
- 33 **ATHLETES VS. ALTITUDE**
At the Pan-American Games in Mexico City, the American and other teams found themselves faced with another enemy than time and distance—the rarefied air of Mexico City's 7,000-foot altitude. How it affected them, and why, is told here in words, pictures and anatomical drawings and diagrams by ARTHUR LIDOV and PAUL PECK
- 42 **THIRTY THOUSAND BOWLERS**
And they're all advancing on the Memorial Coliseum in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where the American Bowling Congress annual tournament is getting underway—as detailed here by VICTOR KALMAN
- 46 **SPEARING SHARKS IN MEXICO**
In the combats at Coahuila, rolling majestically onto the broad white beach, lurk killer sharks. The natives fight them in the old-fashioned way, with harpoon. TONY FRISSELL's camera has caught the thrilling beauty of this strange battle in three pages of pictures IN COLOR
- 50 **DEER AMONG THE AMMO**
Out in Oklahoma, in a U.S. Navy ammunition depot, a game-loving civilian has built a beautiful wildlife preserve. An unusual outdoor story of an enterprising man, by CLYDE CABLEY
- 56 **BIG BUSINESS AT VERO BEACH**
There's a lot more to spring training than meets the eye: the care and feeding of players, the purchasing of equipment, the running of the whole complicated effort to build winning teams. Here's how it works with the Dodgers, the White Sox and the Redlegs
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COVER: Steve Nagy

Photograph by RICHARD MEEK

Winner of two American Bowling Congress gold medals in 1932 and co-holder of the alltime doubles record, colorful U.S. Champion Steve Nagy of Cleveland goes after new laurels in the 32nd ABC championships opening this week in Fort Wayne, Ind. (page 42). One of the oldest (41) match-game champions in bowling history, he is enjoying his best year.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PAN-AMERICAN GAMES

In two weeks of Olympic-style events in Mexico's high, thin air, Americans are sweeping the field against the Western Hemisphere's top athletes. DAVID RICHMOND rounds up the story, with pictures by MARK KAUFFMAN and GEORGE SILE.

PREVIEW: THE MASTERS'

What makes a golf tournament grow into a classic? Here is the story of the Augusta Masters': the men who made it, the course, the champions who will be playing there next week. With map, pictures and text by HERBERT WARREN WIND.

GENIUS WITH A CUE

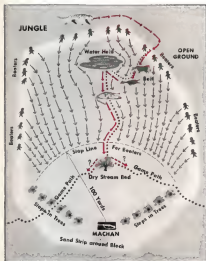
Willie Masconi probably is the greatest pool player who ever lived: winner of 11 world titles, half of the game's alltime records, and he seems likely to beat the longevity record as well. A portrait of a great career by ROBERT COCHRAN.

PLUS: BILL MAULON ON FLYING OVER WATER; AND A ROAD TEST OF THE CHRYSLER 300

THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE TAKES SI ON A TIGER HUNT

The nabob of a princely Indian state waits out a village cattle raider and makes a classic kill

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YLLA



PLAN OF HUNT shows where the tiger was revealed by its track when it crossed the sand strip to kill a tethered bait animal and then paused to eat part of it, drank at the water hole and lay down to sleep. Noisemaking beaters, advancing in inverted-U formation, roused tiger, drove it toward the concealed gun.



FLANKED BY SEATERS AND RETAINERS, THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE

THE TIGER had been living on village cattle. He was big and fat and crafty; twice he had escaped drives. Forty animals had been set out from time to time to bait him. He had devoured them all. To native trackers his pug marks were the prints of a wanted marauder, and when the tiger crossed the sand strip purposely surrounding an 80-acre forest "block" the beast was quickly detected. Word was telegraphed to the palace where the Maharaja of Mysore, a crack shot who had already bagged 102 Indian tigers, gave the order that alerted a small army of natives.

MARCH 28, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



POSES WITH HIS NEAR-RECORD TIGER WHICH STRETCHED MORE THAN 11 FEET FROM NOSE TO TAIL, ONE OF BIGGEST TROPHIES IN RECENT YEARS

practiced in the art of driving a tiger toward a *wooken*, a tree hut wherein watchful, silent hunters wait.

Later the maharaja proceeded by Rolls Royce to the forest block, accompanied by an aide and SI Photographer Yla. Leaving the car parked incongruously in the jungle, they walked along a trail to the camouflaged *wooken* and climbed up. Benches at the rear had been filled with relatives and guests of the maharaja on the two previous hunts, which had failed because of slight stirrings within the hut. But this day the back benches were empty. The

maharaja and his aide checked their double-barreled .470 rifles and stared ahead. Silence fell upon the *marhan*.

Now men who had been standing behind the *wooken* to prevent premature escape of the tiger moved forward and climbed trees, fanning out in a giant V, with the *wooken* at its apex. If the tiger approached either of these hidden lines, the "stops" would throw a stone or two to divert it toward the hunters. At the other end of the forest block dozens of beaters entered the jungle at a signal and

continued on next page



THE HUNT STARTS as the hunters advance across the sand strip into the jungle block, yelling and whacking trees with their sticks. Sometimes a tiger will spring right among them and escape.

JEWELLED HANDS of muharaga caraballs load his rifle as he and his aids prepare for their silent wait in the morning. The aids will shoot only if muharaga misses (which he very rarely does).



Flushed by pandemonium in the forest, the big tiger sneaks away from his tormentors into the beckoning silence and is killed with one shot by the maharaja

advanced upon the tiger, which was sleeping after killing and eating part of a halt animal.

The maharaja sat like a stone, watching a dry stream bed. If the tiger did not elude the heaters by lying still and letting them pass, and if the stops succeeded in turning the animal should it stray toward them, then it could be expected to cross from 40 to 80 yards in front of the *sarkas*. It might come in great bounding leaps, exposing itself for only a few seconds. Or it might come belly to the ground, using every bit of cover. Whatever happened, the shot would have to be a quick one.

As the yelling and tree walloping of the heaters grew louder, tension began to build in the *sarkas*. Suddenly the maharaja stiffened, brought up his rifle smoothly and shot. He had seen a patch of yellow and black in the undergrowth. Said the maharaja when it was finally determined that he had shot the huge tiger through the heart, not merely wounding it (which would have jeopardized his advancing heaters): "I am so relieved."



GREAT PAW of the jungle cat, examined by a beater, left its huge, telltale pug marks on a sand strip when it passed and thereby identified itself instantly to the local trackers.



HEAVY TROPHY, weighing over 500 pounds (the average Indian tiger weighs only 400 pounds), is dragged into the clear by happy beaters, revealing for the first time the tiger's enormous size.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

**RICHARD LOSES TEMPER, MONTREAL LOSES RICHARD RARE RACES IN RARE
PAN-AM AIR WATCHER WATCHES BIRD WATCHERS ARE FIGHTING COCKS
ANIMALS? UNDIPLOMATIC WORDS ON SPORTS DIPLOMACY MOSCOW MEMO**

Defusing the Rocket

AFTER Maurice (Rocket) Richard's suspension last week (see pages 22, 23) the city of Montreal acted as if the Canadian flag had been desecrated by foreigners. Although a more costly penalty had seldom been inflicted on a professional athlete at a more crucial point in his career, it could hardly have come as a complete surprise to hockey fans who were familiar with The Rocket's fire-on-see temperament (SI, Dec. 6). Since he entered the National Hockey League 13 years ago, the Montreal Canadiens' inflammable right winger has been making headlines for both himself and his bruising, colorful team with tactics that might be frowned upon in Donnybrook.

Until last week's punishment, which set off the roaring Montreal mutiny, hockey officials around the league had indirectly winked at Richard's antics. While other players were being suspended for over-zealous use of their fists and sticks, Montreal's celebrated Flying Frenchman was always suited up and ready to score another winning goal just when it counted most. Once, after Richard whacked some Toronto players over the head with his stick in 1947, NHL President Clarence S. Campbell slapped him with a \$250 fine. A few years later The Rocket exercised his muscles in the lobby of a New York hotel by scuffling with Referee Hugh McLean. Campbell obliged the jittery citizens of Montreal by leveling a \$500 fine at their hero. The fines, of course, hardly disturbed Maurice Richard. They were paid either by the Montreal club or the donations of fans.

But last week Richard went too far

for even President Campbell. It was obviously time to defuse The Rocket. It was also time that Campbell, who has been openly accused by many hockey people of being a mere lackey of the NHL directors, step forward and do the defusing himself. Richard gave Campbell a perfect opening.

No doubt Richard's loss cost Montreal the league championship and very possibly the Stanley Cup, to say nothing of depriving The Rocket of his chance to lead the league in scoring. But it was a simple question of either enforcing the rules of hockey or catering to the passions of a somewhat over-worked group of rosters. Hockey is still a game, and it is high time that both Richard and his Montreal partisans realize that slugging a referee is not yet a legal offensive maneuver.

There has been much remorse in

Montreal since that black night in Boston when Richard took to battle with the Bruins's Hal Laycoe and slugged Linesman Cliff Thompson. Richard went on the air somewhat belatedly and implored his fans (in both French and English) to lend their support to the team. Of himself he said, "I will take my punishment and come back next year to help the club and the younger players to win the Cup."

Two men who have dedicated their lives to hockey—and who helped build it to the position it now occupies—also had tragic words to utter. Jack Adams, general manager of Detroit, said, "I'm sick, deathly sick and ashamed." Richard's coach, Dick Irvin, moaned, "I have often seen The Rocket fill this place [the Forum], but this is the first time I've seen him empty it."

As the citizenry tried to re-enter a state of normalcy during the regular season's final weekend an editorial in the *Montreal Star* gave them—and other sport fans elsewhere—some appropriate words for required reading: "But what can we say to explain in decent terms to ourselves the hangover of humiliation that remains? . . . Montreal today stands convicted of emotional instability and lack of discipline. It can take no pride in what has happened. Nothing but shame remains."

Tomorrow the world

THE PAN-AMERICAN GAMES reached their halfway mark last Saturday, and most of the early attention centered around the track and field games of the 18-sport program. In particular the talk was about the unprecedented collapse of one fine athlete after



RIPOSTE

*I told him the rapier button
Was crooked and out of joint;
Now he lies there as cold as wutton
Having finally got the point.*

—Irwin L. Stein

another in Mexico City's oxygen-light, 7,600-foot altitude (for a medical and pictorial report, see page 33).

Although the runners in the long-distance races stumbled home in extremely poor times, competitors in the shorter events managed to hang up a dazzling array of records before they toppled just past the finish line. Post-race collapses numbered nearly 30, but new meet records were almost as numerous: 16 in the 22 men's events, seven in the seven women's events.

Unquestionably the outstanding achievements of the games were those of a tall Brazilian named Adhemar Ferreira da Silva and a short American named Louis Woodward Jones. Ferreira da Silva and Jones managed to completely obliterate the listed world records for their events with stunning performances. Ferreira da Silva's mark (51 feet 4 inches in the hop-step-and-jump) superseded by more than a foot the world record set in 1953 by Russia's L. Scherbakov. Jones's 45.4-second clocking in the 400-meter run not only broke a world mark set almost five years ago by George Rhoden of Jamaica, but also moved Jones ahead of Russia's Ardalion Ignatyev as the world's ranking quarter miler.

David Richardson, SI's correspondent, reported from Mexico City that the race to remember was the 400 meters, dominated by Jones and two fellow Americans, Jim Lea and Jesse Mashburn. Richardson called: "Mashburn took the early lead, turning in a sizzling 200 meters that Jones still swears was close to 21 flat or good enough to place in most 200-meter dashes. Then Jones moved to the fore, thundering into the final curve like a sprinter. Then Lea came up, and as they squared away in the straightaway it was still anybody's race. The crowd looked for someone to crack as they headed toward the tape, but no one did. Instead, Jones surged ahead and Lea doggedly stuck with him as the trio raced through the finish like 60-yard dash men in Madison Square Garden."

"One fanatic track student followed the spikemarks of the runners around the route and discovered that Jones had not moved his left foot more than half an inch away from the chalked lane line at any point, whereas Lea and Mashburn had veered several times, losing precious inches."

There were other memorable deeds, too. Americans Roslyn Range and John Bennett each bettered 26 feet in the running broad jump, a distance made sacrosanct by Jesse Owens 20 years ago; Wes Santee was upset by Argentine Juan Miranda in an altitude-slow (3:53.2) 1,500 meters; and another Argentine named Oswaldo Suarez beat, among others, Horace Ashenfelter, Gordon McKenzie and two barefoot Mexican Indians to capture both the 5,000- and 10,000-meter run.

For track purists the happiest moment of the week's track and field competition was the commanding victory of Pittsburgh's graceful 19-year-old half miler Arnold Sowell (SI, March 7) in the 800 meters, the most glittering jewel yet in Sowell's brilliant necklace of triumphs. Track fans shed a tear for 36-year-old Mal Whitfield, twice Olympic 800-meter champion, who finished a tired fourth.

Barely two years ago the sweet-running Sowell was Pittsburgh's high school quarter-mile champion. Last year, as a University of Pittsburgh sophomore, he was the eastern intercollegiate middle-distance champion. Then national intercollegiate champion. This February he became American indoor champion. And now he is the Western Hemisphere champion. To track fans thinking of the 1956 Olympics, tomorrow for Arnold Sowell obviously means the world.

Mr. Peterson, I presume?

A WOMAN reader had just finished the report of a Boston bird-watching expedition led by Roger Tory Peterson, author of *A Field Guide to the Birds*, in last week's issue (SI, March 21) when she entered the dining car of a Boston-St. Louis train. She was seated at a table occupied by a man and woman who, from their conversation, were plainly the most avid of Boston bird watchers and were, in fact, enroute to Texas to watch birds.

When the lady bird watcher addressed her male companion as Roger, the SI reader could not resist asking: "By any chance, are you Roger Tory Peterson?"

The man turned and beamed.

"No," he exclaimed fervently, "But oh, I do wish I were!"

Ancient argument

FEW CLEAVAGES of American opinion have endured as long or have been argued as bitterly as the ancient debate over the ancient sport of cockfighting. But the argument generally takes place only in courts of law—the chicken fighters have long since been driven to underground operation in out-of-the-way barns or hidden gullies and seldom speak publicly until being yanked into view by unsympathetic cops. Recently, however, one Willie Williams, a man who thinks of cockfighting as Horace Stoneham thinks of baseball, engaged Guy P. Miller, president of the Kansas Association of Humane Societies, in debate in a slightly different atmosphere. Miller had just paid \$1.25 (and had suffered to have his wrist stamped in proof thereof) to gain admittance to a sheet iron quonset hut in which Willie openly holds cockfights just outside Wichita.

Willie, a smiling and affable Negro, held the legal if not the moral advantage during the conversation. Kansas statutes prohibit cruelty to animals, but do not specifically mention fowl, and do not specifically prohibit cockfighting. The local prosecutor and sheriff, however, feel that a fowl is not an animal, legally speaking, and prefer to wait for the legislature (next session 1957) to speak out on chickens before making any arrests.

Thus buttressed, Willie admits any and all customers to his Saturday night mains—one of which was in full swing when Miller arrived to find out from personal observation just what was going on. In his capacity as host and promoter, Willie was quickly introduced to the visiting enemy.

continued on next page



"Don't bother"

continued from page 15

"How do you do," said Miller jolly. "Nice to know you, Mr. Miller," said Willie with a wide smile.

"Large crowd," said Miller, looking on critically.

"Yessir, there's lots of people that come out here to enjoy themselves.



What do you think of our little club now that you see it?"

"We needn't go into that. My position is quite clear."

"Well, that's all right, that's all right. If you don't want to talk about it that's perfectly all right with me."

After a moment of silence Willie went on: "We clip their heels here. Did you know that a cock's natural spur is poisonous? We use gaffs. It's a clever fight thataway. Now, if we wanted to get nasty we could fight them like they do in Japan—put them in a cage so they could only peck at each other's heads. . . ."

At this point a defunct chicken was carried past from the ring and the conversation ended. Both men, however, went on with their arguments obliquely to other people.

"This is a sport," said Willie. "Every farmer has a bird and wants to see how he'll stand up against competition. I've got a hundred birds myself. If I fight them they're worth a hundred dollars apiece. If I don't, they're worth nothing—not even good eating chickens."

Said Miller: "People indulge in this vulgar thing for only two things, money and glory. They should remember that gambling is illegal. I can't have much respect for people who must see innocent animals killed to satisfy their egos. If a cat catches a bird, the act is part of nature. But if humans prompt and instigate killings of animals, it is morally wrong."

"We're doing nothing against the law," said Willie. "I'm in close contact with my attorney."

Amateur standing (cont'd)

THE CONTINUING DEBATE over just what constitutes an amateur athlete has flared up again with the following fresh views on the subject:

By Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Games committee: "I think the State Department definitely jeopardized the amateur status of Mal Whitfield, Harrison Dillard, Bob Richards and Sammy Lee when those athletes were sent [on good will tours] to foreign countries. . . . The efforts of our Armed Forces to assemble athletes for events such as the Pan-

American Games is also endangering the amateur status of the athletes involved."

By Mal Whitfield, recently returned from one of the good will tours: "What is the matter with the man? Is he on the side of the Russians? I traveled all around the world for the State Department, trying to make friends for our country. . . . It just about killed me. When I got back in the U.S.A. I was in bad shape. . . . you saw how bad I looked losing my 800-meter Pan-American championship. I finished fourth and haven't run as slow as that 1:52.5 in years."

"About that amateurism business—it cost me money to go on that good will tour. It took me away from my business and all I got for my time and trouble was mere expenses. But I didn't mind. I was doing it for the U.S.A. We can't let those Russians beat us in track or propaganda."

By Louis G. Wilke, president of the Amateur Athletic Union: "There is no violation of the amateur standing of American athletes involved in a trip made by them in different areas of the world. . . . Both the Armed Forces and the State Department have been most cooperative with the AAU which has encouraged. . . . sponsorship of trips made by our top American athletes."

"We want to be friends . . ."

THREE AMERICAN skaters—Ken Henry, Don McDermott and Johnny Werket—entered the World Speed Skating Championships at Moscow. They didn't win but they made a creditable showing; they learned a lot and they brought back a diary.

In most respects it is the usual tourist diary of Russia, full of familiar personalities and incidents. There is the screwball pilot who flies them from Helsinki to Moscow, the guide who knows only what is sanctioned, that wonderful subway, and the joy of cornflakes and orange juice at the American Embassy. There is also some fascinating information about sports in Russia:

"Big crowd of 50,000 people in Dynamo Stadium. Lucky to get 500 at American meet. Don won third in the 500-meter and there was a big lump in our throats as the American flag was run up. The Russians applauded Don. None of us were unhappy about our times, we just didn't expect the others to be so good."

"Talked with Boris Shilkov, the Russian star, who speaks a little English. He told us that he was a turbine engineer in a plant in Leningrad. Shilkov never lets up on his training. In summer he cycles, lifts weights, rows and runs. That's the answer. This is year-round business. Hell, we just drop our skates in the closet once the ice goes out and forget about body

conditioning. Picked up some good training tips from the Swedes and Norwegians who keep at it all year, too."

"Ken is going to take a big gimmick which the Scandinavians use. Tie two big, heavy bands of rubber around a tree and attach the free ends to your ankles. Pull your legs against the bands in the same motion you would use in skating. . . . Ken's afraid that if he tries the rubber band routine in America, his neighbors will think he is nuts and his wife will think he is nuttier than nuts. We all did terrible in the 5,000-meter, pretty close to last. . . ."

"Sagge Ericsson of Sweden finished first in the 10,000-meter and skated over to teammate, wept on his shoulder. . . . He is a warm, nervous, humble person. . . . When Ericsson took his world champion victory skate around the rink the mob went wild and cheered and cheered. Ericsson stopped to give a tiny girl a kiss and for some reason the mob just decided to come out on the ice like flies. The mad Russians chased Ericsson all over the stadium. . . ."

"A hunch of Russians grabbed [American Team Manager Richard] Shearman, movie camera and all, and started yelling and tossing him up in the air. He didn't know what to think and was plenty worried. They threw him up in the air at least 10 times and as high as 15 feet. Later we asked someone what the group had been yelling. It was 'We want to be friends with the Americans.'"

"Shilkov says all Russians and everybody in Russia skates the International style. Kids in America aren't interested in learning the International style. Mostly because the amateur



skating clubs sanction the American pack style of man-to-man skating. The International is man against the clock. In International style you have to learn to use long, smooth strides, keep the body low and in a constantly rolling motion. Your weight is always over the advanced foot. Try to use a long stride in American races and somebody will trip you up. Try to keep your weight on the forward foot and somebody will bump or spill you. . . ."

"Seems kinda silly that the Americans are the only ones that skate the pack style, while the rest of the world skates International. . . ."

"Went to lots of receptions. Drank lots of toasts. . . . Nick (the guide) still hammering away at us. Told us with straight face that Yablochov invented the light bulb, that Popov invented the radio and Zhukovsky invented the airplane. Tired of arguing with him."

THE BIG SURPRISE OF 1955



CLOWNING BILL RUSSELL OF SAN FRANCISCO SPORTS GREEN AND GOLD HAT BORROWED FROM ROOTER AFTER THE DONS WON THE NCAA TITLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PERKIN

BASKETBALL GETS NEW CHAMP

WHEN the 1954-55 basketball season began, not even the home-town experts dreamed the University of San Francisco would be playing in the NCAA finals at Kansas City in March. Much less did anybody consider the possibility that the Dons would run over mighty La Salle 77-63, as San Francisco did last Saturday when they wrapped up the NCAA championship, symbol of national leadership.

In mid-December the players at the Jesuit USP were still anonymous; nobody looked toward the Dons for All-America candidates, and the coach's record in four years at USP was a dismal 45 wins against 49 losses. The Dons did not even have a home to play in; they rented the pavilion at nearby Kezar Stadium, borrowed the San José auditorium or used the Cow Palace when big-name schools like California and Stanford came to town.

But after losing the third game of the season San Francisco began to win ball games. Dick Pollard of SI's San

continued on next page



SHOULDER-BORNE Russell is hoisted by 225 San Franciscoans, who followed the team to Kansas City in chartered airplanes.



THE BIG SURPRISE

continued from page 17

Francisco bureau wired that the Dons were going to be the team to beat, but not until late December did reports begin to filter into the news about a rising power of the Pacific Coast. After the Dons finally broke into the national ratings around the first of the year, they kept on winning, and their sweeping victory over La Salle on Saturday brought to a climax the surprise of 1955. Bill Russell, their center, became an All-America; Phil Woolpert, the coach, is a good bet for Coach of the Year, and the Dons will probably no longer be orphans begging for a place to play. Appreciative San Franciscans have already raised \$350,000 toward a \$700,000 gym the Dons can call their own.

Shortly before the finals Coach Ken Loeffler of La Salle reviewed his strategy. "I think we just can't let that big guy get the ball. Once he gets his hands on it he shoots. We can stop him only by keeping the ball away from him."

The "big guy" was the gangling 6-foot 9 1/2 8-inch Bill Russell ("don't call me 6 foot 10, I'm enough of a goon as it is") who had sparked San Francisco all season. Pushing away the remains of a noonday breakfast before the big game, Russell answered a question on how he felt about playing against La Salle's All-America Tom Gola. "I'm not worrying about Gola, I'm just trying to help my team win." After a moment's reflection, however, he added, "But, man, that Gola would really give the coach an ulcer."

Phil Woolpert pulled his big surprise that night when the teams took the floor. K. C. Jones, 6 feet 1 inch tall, was assigned to guard Gola, who stands six inches higher. Jones got the job after he had startled the crowd and the San Francisco bench the night before against Colorado with his amazing leaps around the basket. Woolpert and his aides reasoned that Jones might be able to handle Gola. With Jones on Gola, Russell could stick around the basket on defense and handle rebounds. The strategy worked perfectly. Gola, having an off night, was held to 16 points. K. C. Jones further amazed everybody with his deadly shooting from outside, hitting for 24 points to lead the game's scoring.

Fine as Jones's performance was, Russell still remained the brightest star in the San Francisco galaxy. He clogged

LONG ARM of Russell outpaces Gola and the San Francisco star scores a tip-in.

the middle to keep La Salle from driving in, snared 35 rebounds and batted away several shots by the Explorers.

But it was on offense that Russell broke the game open and won the hearts of the spectators. Operating from the post position right by the basket, the long fellow from San Francisco pocketed 18 points during the first half. Loeffler's boys simply could not keep Russell's hands off the ball. Particularly deadly were Russell's tap-ins. Timing his leaps perfectly, Russell would soar into the air just as a shot by a colleague floated in toward the basket and tip the ball into the basket while La Salle defenders impatiently stretched and strained beneath. It was not Gola's night to give an ulcer to Phil Woolpert, but Russell was no help for Ken Loeffler's duodenal condition.

"I'm the luckiest guy in the world," says Russell, a highly animated and likable man. Russell counts his luck as starting in McClymonds High School in Oakland where he came under the influence of Coach George Powles. "He may not have known too much about basketball," says Bill, "but he taught me a lot of other things, how important your heart and your attitude is."

At McClymonds Russell was so awkward that his appearance on the basketball floor was an immediate signal for jeers and catcalls. With Powles' faith behind him, however, Bill stuck to the game, spending hours and hours practicing the fundamentals. In his senior year at McClymonds he stood 6 feet 6 inches and was beginning to round into form. But before he attracted any notice he graduated.

A shy young man, he chose USP because it was near home, small enough so he wouldn't get lost in the crowd. Under freshman Coach Ross Giudice and Woolpert he became a star.

Something of a clown—possibly because of his unique build—Russell is a popular figure on and off the campus. At the Continental Hotel in Kansas City white-haired men, plump matrons, autograph-seeking children, basketball fans and basketball innocents sought his hand and quick smile.

The future is bright for both San Francisco and Bill Russell. Only one member of this year's starting five graduates, and Russell—a junior—will be among those present next year.

The supreme tribute to Russell came from the venerable Coach Phog Allen of Kansas. Allen, who reaches for the rule book whenever Kansas is in trouble, watched Bill against La Salle and announced, "I'm for the 20-foot basket."

(END)



TACTICS TALK is held by La Salle Coach Ken Loeffler and Tom Gola from the blackboard note: "Jones, 4- out hit outside," proved a highly accurate assessment.



CONDOLENCES AND CONGRATULATIONS are extended by rivals Russell and Gola after the game. All players received plaques, Bill was named most valuable player.

MEN OF AFFAIRS

THE COMING OF SPRING found three chief executives crowding their sports seasons a bit. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who heads the U.S., took advantage of springlike weather in Washington to practice a few golf shots in his back yard. Averell Harriman, who heads the government of New York State, clung to a last vestige of winter and hied himself to the Adirondack Mountains for a bit of skiing. August A. (Gussie) Busch Jr., who heads the world's largest brewery (Anheuser-Busch), worked himself into a sun-tanned sweat in St. Petersburg, Fla., forgetting malt, barley and hops long enough to join the baseball team he owns—the St. Louis Cardinals—and engage in spring training workouts.



SKIER HARRIMAN spent more than two hours in snow storm gingerly probing the lower trail at Whiteface Mt., state-operated ski resort in the Adirondacks.



BATTER BUSCH takes an anxious swing in popper game with his willing employees at Cardinal camp



BREWER BUSCH confers by phone with brewery officials to keep abreast of business back in St. Louis.



RUNNER BUSCH pulls around the hoots as Manager Eddie Stanky hollers, "Get the lead out, Gus!"



TIRED BUSCH dries himself off after rigorous workout. Players enjoy having Gus participate in drills.



GOLFER EISENHOWER takes a few tentative swings on the White House lawn after return from hospital, where he was treated for hepatitis condition.



LITTER-STREWN STREET OUTSIDE THE MONTREAL FORUM REFLECTS THE VIOLENT AND HYSTERICAL MOOD OF HOOLIGAN FANS WHO PROTESTED



COACH IRVY, RICHARD AT FATAL HEARING

A RIOT FOR ROCKET

MONTREAL HOCKEY fans set two big goals for their beloved Canadiens this season: 1) Ending Detroit's six-year hold on the National Hockey League championship; 2) Seeing their idol, Maurice (Rocket) Richard, win his first scoring title. Approaching the final week of play both goals looked closer. The Canadiens held a slim lead over Detroit; Richard was a few points ahead of teammates Boom Boom Geoffrion and Jean Beliveau. Then The

Rocket exploded—setting off a chain reaction of anger (among his partisans) and violence (by Montreal hoodlums).

Called before NHL President Clarence Campbell early in the week after slugging a linesman during a game in Boston, Richard heard himself banned for the three remaining games of the season and the Stanley Cup play-offs as well. The Rocket took his sentence calmly enough. But for thousands of fans who thought they saw their last

ANGRY FRENCH-CANADIANS PICKET ARENA BEFORE THE DETROIT GAME



CAMPBELL IS EASY TARGET FOR EGGS-INSULTS



A TEAR-GAS BOMB





SUSPENSION OF STAR MAURICE RICHARD FOR REST OF SEASON, AFTER GAME WAS FORFEITED TO DETROIT MOB WENT WILD, HURLED SHOES IN FURY

hopes for the championships vanish with Richard's stiff penalty, Campbell's verdict was simply too much. For some fanatic fans it quickly became a call to arms, a signal to demonstrate against hockey's highest authority.

The night of the next-to-last crucial game against Detroit, mob hysteria ruled the area around the Montreal Forum, home rink of the Canadiens. Calls to the NHL office earlier that day had warned Campbell he would be killed if he dared show up at the game. Frenzied Richard fans paraded posters in front of the arena, cursing the name of the league president. But Campbell

went to the Forum anyway. When he arrived he was greeted by a shower of eggs, peanuts, programs and even overshoes. Two hundred police and firemen did their best to maintain order, but it was a losing battle. One mobster slipped up to Campbell, slugged him twice before being hauled away.

After one period of hockey Detroit led 4-1. Then somebody set off a tear-gas bomb, sending Campbell and the rest of the crowd in hurried flight for safety. Before he left the Forum, Campbell awarded the game to Detroit by forfeit—an order which gave the defending champs a vital homestretch

edge over Montreal. When the riot ended at 2:30 the following morning, police found windows shattered for blocks around, shop displays looted. They made more than 40 arrests. Total damage: \$100,000 plus.

In Sunday's finale at Detroit the Red Wings and Canadiens, all tied up in points again, met to settle the season's title. Detroit made it a rout, 6-0, for its seventh consecutive crown. Both winner and loser joined Toronto and Boston this week in the first round of play-offs—to decide, after playing 70 games in the last six months, which is the best team after all.

EMPTY ARENA, CAUSES OFFICIAL FORFEITURE OF GAME



FOUR OF 12 MEN BROUGHT INTO COURT. BANDAIDED HEADS WERE NUMEROUS



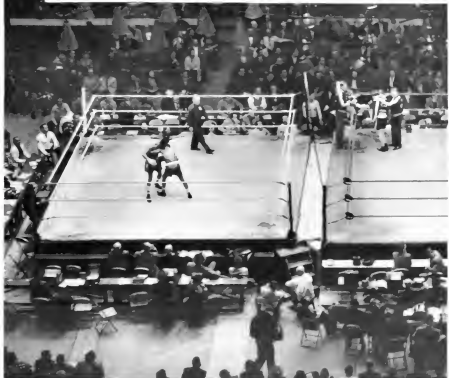
FAME AND HEARTBREAK

Amateur boxing's giant elimination draws 25,000 young hopefuls a year, but only eight can become champions

by **LEE GRIGGS**

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAY

IN THE GLARE of floodlights focused on a triple ring at Chicago Stadium the great annual Golden Gloves boxing tournament draws to a close. Next Thursday night, this time in just one ring, eight young boxers, finalists of an arm-flailing army of more than 25,000, will receive one of the highest honors in all amateur sport—the designation of national champion of the Golden Gloves. For those eight, who fought their way through countless individual battles to this triumph, the Golden Gloves can mean fame and possible fortune. For many there will be the memory of momentary acclaim, and for a few the actuality



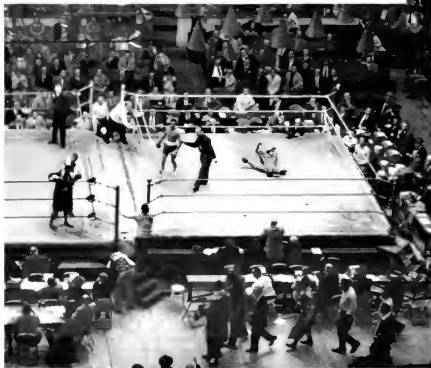
IN THE GOLDEN GLOVES

of heartbreak. The odds against winning are terrifyingly long, yet there has never been a dearth of entries. The sheer difficulty of achieving a Golden Gloves title imparts to it a special quality akin to baseball's no-hitter, bowling's coveted 300 game, golf's hole-in-one; and the pursuit of the elusive goal brings back new thousands of young hopefuls year by year.

Early last fall, youngsters were already working out in cities, towns and villages from coast to coast, running miles every day to strengthen their legs, feinting and dancing endlessly in front of mirrors to develop style and footwork, punching

doggedly at overstuffed mattresses in their cellars or light and heavy bags in neighborhood gymnasiums. Golden Glovers, who, consciously or unconsciously, are the most class-conscious youths in their neighborhoods, take their work in deadly earnest. Most of them are from the lower end of the social scale. They are hungry, as the fight people say. Indeed, they are determined to speed up their social adjustments in jig time with their own fists.

In the Golden Gloves, the kid from Hell's Kitchen in New York, from Chicago's teeming South
continued on next page



GOLDEN GLOVES *cont. from page 25*

Side or the quiet wheat fields of Kansas thinks he sees a tailor-made chance for advancement. With every bout he wins, he comes closer to the dream of the big bout in the big arena, where among the strange and coldly calculating faces he may catch the eye of a fight manager or trainer who will take him aside and lead him into the moneyed world of the real big time.

The Golden Gloves rules are strict and stress safety. Doctors examine every fighter before and after each appearance in the ring, and a ringside physician is in constant attendance. Fights are stopped if they become one-sided. There has seldom been a serious injury in a Golden Gloves bout.

Once the entry blank is signed, a Golden Glover is offered the services of a coach. He may be the local physical education instructor in a small town, an old-time pug from the neighborhood or, in the bigger cities, a regular coach from a youth recreation club. Whichever the case, he becomes the fighter's manager and friend, perhaps the first real instructor he has ever had. The coach prescribes the routine, watches carefully over his boy, brings him along and teaches him what he must know on the long Gloves grind. For when a Golden Glover steps into the ring for

his initial tournament bout, he must be as ready as that short and concentrated period of training can make him.

That moment comes shortly after Christmas; and for most Golden Glovers the long, hard battle upwards begins in grimy neighborhood arenas. In sweat and fear and hope, the first bouts are fought and won or lost, and by late February the relentless weeding-out process has carried the survivors to regional eliminations. Those who are still unbeaten after that go to Chicago or New York for the final cutdown in which will leave eight youngsters in each of the Eastern and Western sections—one for each of the eight weight divisions.

By the time a boy gets to the national finals, he has established himself as a first-rate amateur fighter. Depending upon the number of entries in his weight division, he has had as few as five or as many as a dozen fights along the way. At this climactic stage, the sense of heartbreak in defeat is compounded by a sense of futility at coming so close to amateur boxing's brass ring and missing it on the last grab. For the losers next Thursday night there is scant solace, save the experience they have gained that may help them in next year's Golden Gloves. But the successes of past winners (see below) have inspired others, and over the years the Golden Gloves has snowballed into the

biggest personal-contact elimination tournament in all sport.

The idea of a big amateur boxing tournament germinated in Chicago back in the mid-'20s in the face of an Illinois law that prohibited prize fights. The law was first put to the test entirely through accident by a young mission director named Austin Pardue, now Episcopal Bishop of Pittsburgh.

THE CHURCH AND THE LAW

Pardue was disturbed over the lack of facilities for neighborhood recreation. In an effort to keep the boys in his charge off the streets, he organized a boxing tournament without realizing he was breaking the law. He was promptly arrested. In the resulting furor, the Chicago *Tribune* stepped into the picture. Its co-publisher, the late Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, thoroughly disliked the anthing statute and saw a good opportunity for *Tribune* promotion. He put the *Tribune's* lawyers to work, got an injunction to neutralize the law and had his sports-writers round up the best local talent for a widely publicized tournament, directed by the late football great, Walter Eckersall. Staged in the old Ashland Boulevard Auditorium, the show was a smashing success, and soon afterward, the law was repealed.

The boxing tournament idea oc-

FROM GOLDEN GLOVES

Though never intended as such, the Golden Gloves has become a rich training ground for future professional boxers. More than a dozen Golden Gloves champions have gone on to win world professional titles. At one time, ex-Golden Glovers held seven of the eight world championships. The first was Barney Ross. The most famous was Joe Louis. The most flamboyant was Sugar Ray Robinson. Another was Tony Zale, former middleweight champion. And also in the ranks of those who won the Golden Gloves and,



ROCKY MARCIANO (left) last lost a fight by an unpopular decision to Coley Wallace in 1948 Eastern Golden Gloves finals.



JOE LOUIS took Gloves light heavyweight title 21 years ago.



TONY ZALE often coached Gloves aspirants for Chicago.

curred again to Patterson in 1927 while he was publisher of New York's tabloid *Daily News*. On St. Valentine's Day, *News* Sports Editor Paul Gallico, who thought up the name, announced the first annual Golden Gloves boxing tournament, open to all New York residents. He got 200 entries the first day. The Golden Gloves of that year broke all existing records for amateur boxing tournaments, both in entries (1,084) and in attendance (21,594 at the finals alone). The *Tribune* adopted the Golden Gloves title in 1928 and arranged for its winners to meet New York's in the first Intercity championships. This was the forerunner of today's national championship bouts between Western and Eastern teams.

Since the early '30s the Golden Gloves has been farmed out all over the country to local sponsors as a gigantic newspaper and radio station promotion. Paid admissions, ranging from 50¢ for small town eliminations to \$6 for ringsides at the finals, have raised uncounted millions for youth groups the country over.

The men who made the Golden Gloves big were Bill Fritzing of the *News* and Arch Ward of the *Tribune*. Under their supervision, the nation was roughly divided, for the purposes of the tournament, at the Allegheny Mountains. All cities to the east sent their



THE MEN BEHIND THE GOLDEN GLOVES success story included Capt. Joseph Patterson (left), who first conceived the idea; Paul Gallico (center), who gave the tournament its name; and Arch Ward, under whose guidance it became nationwide in its scope.

winners to New York for the sectional finals. Those to the west sent theirs to the Chicago elimination.

And it was Ward who internationalized the Golden Gloves 24 years ago. In 1931 he brought the amateur champions of France over to face his Western champions, convinced, like a true Midwesterner, that Midwestern athletes are the best in the world. He was not far wrong: the Americans have beaten the European champions 10 out of 12 times. Some years, Ward puts his Western champions on the road. This year, his troupe will fight English, Welsh, Scottish and Irish national winners in Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow and London early in May.

Ward's Western team this year has been called from more than 20,000 entrants in 24 states. Thirty-three cities held major eliminations, and many of these served as regional centers for sub-tournaments in dozens of little out-of-the-way places. The Eastern division works the same way, but on a smaller scale—Eastern entries average about 5,000 each year, fighting in 10 regional centers from New England to Florida.

The quality of Golden Gloves performances never has matched the quantity. Desire and determination usually are more prevalent than skill. But wild swinging and awkwardness are overlooked by Golden Gloves fans. Action is the thing.

END

FOR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF 1955 GLOVES FINALISTS, TURN PAGE...

RINGS COME CHAMPIONS

subsequently, pro titles were Gus Lesnevich, Bob Olin, Pete Scalzo, Solly Krieger, Melio Bettina, Phil Terranova, Sal Bartolo, Johnny Saxton and Harold Dade. A number of youngsters who never reached championship status in the Golden Gloves later developed into fine fighters and won world championships—Jimmy Carter, Ezzard Charles, Joey Maxim and Lou Salica. Then there was the husky heavyweight who lost a hairline decision in the Eastern finals of 1948. He hasn't lost since. His name: Rocky Marciano.



GUS LESNEVICH annexed Golden Gloves titles in 1933 and 1934.



BARNEY ROSS won his world title after a Gloves victory.



RAY ROBINSON stands in triumph over Jimmy Butler of Atlanta after knocking him out to win Eastern Gloves title in 1940.

1955 GOLDEN GLOVES TITLE FINALISTS

EAST



JOSE REGORES, 122-pound division, 19, a Havana, Cuba boy-driver who speaks no English. He fought out of Miami.



ROBERT ST. JOHN, 118-pound division, 17, a New York stock clerk who hopes to make the U.S. Olympic team.



WALTER TAYLOR, 126-pound division, 20, a Washington, D.C. clerk and Olympic hopeful with good right cross.



THOMAS SCHAFER, 135-pound division, 18, a graduate from Blawie, Pa. Called a delight in doubling his speed.



JAMES ARCHER, 147-pound division, 20, a New York longshoreman studying business administration night.



RUDOLPH CORNEY, 160-pound division, 24, a Brooklyn machine operator with an impressive knockout record.



JOHN HORNE, 175-pound division, 22, a native of Omaha, Neb., now a radar repairman for the Air Force in Washington.



ROY BULLOCK, 184-pound division, 18, weight 183 pounds. A free sport, N.Y. man's helper. Good left hook.

WEST



TOMMY REYNOLDS, 112-pound division, 17, a St. Louis high school boy with four years of boxing experience.



DON EDGINGTON, 118-pound division, 16, another St. Louis high school student. Relies on left jab, right uppercut.



HARRY SMITH, 126-pound division, 21, a New York truck driver now in Air Force. National 1954 Gloves champion.



WILLIE MORTON, 135-pound division, 21, from Kansas City, now in the Air Force. A Golden Gloves winner 1951.



RICHARD WALL, 147-pound division, 19, a sophomore at the University of Oklahoma, from Idaho, Okla.



JESSE BOWORY, 160-pound division, 17, a St. Louis grocery stock boy, considered a good professional prospect.



EDDIE JENKINS, 175-pound division, 22, a painter for Chrysler Corp. in Detroit. A would-be real-estate broker.



EDDIE CATOE, heavy-weight division, 24, a 280-pound Kansas City slugger now an Air Force policeman.

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IS THIS A SPORT?

Square dancing, which evolved from European country folk dances in Colonial times, has caught some 30 million Americans in its colorful and giddy whirl



PHOTOGRAPH BY HY PESKIN

SQUARE DANCING is certainly as strenuous as basketball, as millions of Americans could breathlessly testify on almost any Saturday night—but is it sport? Webster's defines sport in the first instance as "that which diverts and makes mirth"; on that count square dancing gets a big vote. Nobody who has ever cavorted to "lead to next and on your toes; swing that man with the big red nose" could deny that. "Pleasantries, rallery"—to follow Webster's definition of sport a bit further—are also unquestionably involved, as sometimes are "mockery, derision" on

the part of those who think square dancing is old-fashioned. Also sport: "a sudden spontaneous deviation or variation from type (Boo.)." Have you ever seen a solemn old gaffer jump when the fiddle takes up its squeaky tune and the rhythm catches hold? As for synonyms "See FUN." And fun (for synonyms "See SPORT" is certainly what Diana Zieger and Dick Laine (*centers*) and their chums from Phoenix College are having as they kick out to a local favorite, "Arizona Star," at the Western Saddle Club; they look as though they could do it out forever.

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ATHLETES VS. ALTITUDE

At Mexico City, competitors in the Pan-American Games met an unexpected foe. In the rarefied air 7,600 feet above sea level, they are being felled by anoxia

WHILE a powerful U.S. team at the Second Pan-American Games toppled records and captured most of the available gold medals, scores of finely trained athletes were being toppled by the Mexico City air—or rather lack of it. In the rarefied 7,600-foot atmosphere, well-conditioned young men from the lowlands dropped like

flies. The games became a battle against altitude, and the only effective weapons were tanks of oxygen.

The American team entered this battle strangely unprepared. Some athletes arrived in Mexico a week before the games, time to acclimatize themselves; others did not get there until shortly before their events. U.S. team

physician, Harry R. McPhee, drew an obvious conclusion: next time any U.S. athletes compete at such altitudes, they should arrive on the scene at least 10 days early. That much time at least is necessary to get used to diluted air.

FOR THE EFFECTS OF ALTITUDE ON THE HUMAN BODY TURN THE PAGE



EDGAR FRIERE (Brazil) clutches side as he gasps for air.



CYNTHIA MILLS (Jamaica) crumples after 60-meter dash.



FRANK RIVERA (Puerto Rico) collapses after 800-meter



JOSH CULBREATH (U.S.) is carried off after hurdles win.

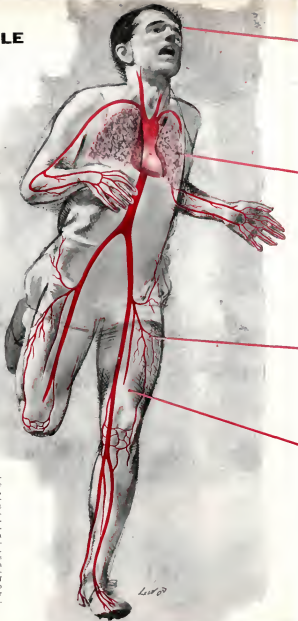


LIKE WOUNDED AFTER BATTLE, athletes lie prostrate on the stadium grounds following the 10,000-meter run. These

men are inhaling oxygen supplied by Guatemalan officials from their team's supply. Many teams, including U.S., brought none.

BODY'S BATTLE FOR OXYGEN

How brain, lungs, blood cells and muscles struggle to survive



A FACT OF LIFE is that of all the elements essential to human life, oxygen alone cannot be stored by the body. Moreover, the supply of vital oxygen must be uninterruptedly replenished almost as rapidly as it is used. If it is not, the body fails and collapses into unconsciousness. In medical terminology, this is anoxia, insufficient oxygen. At an altitude of 7,600 feet, or even 75,000 feet, the components of the atmosphere are precisely the same as at sea level. The problem is that the air is much less dense. Consequently, beath for breath, a runner in Mexico City can take in, no matter how hard he gasps for air, only 80% of the oxygen that he might be accustomed to at sea level. What this does to the runner is explained in detail in these drawings.

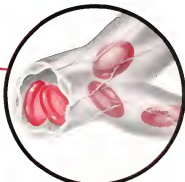


THE BRAIN (left), the most oxygen-sensitive organ of the body, is the first to react to lack of oxygen. When insufficient amounts reach it, the runner lapses into unconsciousness. Blacking out, in fact, is actually a defense mechanism of the body to enable it to remain alive. When unconscious, the body requires the least possible amount of oxygen and, sprawled motionless on the ground, permits a maximum supply of oxygen-carrying blood to replenish the brain.

THE LUNGS (right) consist of about 400 million alveoli, minute air sacs resembling clusters of grapes, each surrounded by countless capillaries. Here oxygen and carbon dioxide move into and out of the blood stream. Since the weight of air in Mexico City is one-quarter less than at sea level, less oxygen passes its way from the lungs into the blood stream. Thus, the entire anatomy of the runner who is built for lower altitudes is constantly hungry for oxygen.



RED CORPUSCLES (right) in the blood pick up oxygen from the alveoli, carry it throughout the body, and bring back carbon dioxide to be exhaled. Runners who live at sea level have about 25 trillion red corpuscles, not enough to fulfill their needs at 7,600 feet. Natives of higher altitudes have as many as one-third more and thus can exercise strenuously without ill effects. After a few weeks, however, a body accustomed to low altitudes increases its production of red cells and it becomes acclimatized.



MUSCLES (left) need oxygen to combine with sugar and produce energy, and the greater the muscle exertion, the more oxygen is required. Since the number of red blood cells remains constant, the runner gasps for breath and his heart beat increases to force as much oxygen-carrying blood as possible even faster to oxygen-starved muscles. When unacclimatized to the rarefied atmosphere of higher altitudes he therefore tires more quickly and may collapse after the race.

continued on next page

ATHLETES VS. ALTITUDE

continued from page 24



MAL WHITFIELD takes oxygen as a precautionary measure after finishing second in qualifying heat of 800 meters. Realizing the effects of altitude, he saved his strength in the preliminary, but despite this, in the final, the two-time Olympic winner faded in last 100 yards when "my legs got heavy" and finished fourth.

WINNER AND RUNNER-UP of record-breaking 400-meter hurdles, Culbreth and Juma Aparicio (Columbia) both require oxygen. *left*: After a few whiffs, bespectacled Aparicio congratulates still-lizard Victor *below*. Though many of the athletes collapsed from lack of oxygen, they suffered no untoward effects.





And if you'd like to see a Canadian's favorite outdoor activity... a sport grand landscape... (Photo: 1988)



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The frontier country of the West in the middle of the last century enchanted a young Army officer, Seth Eastman, who spent his leisure time while on duty there painting scenes of Indian life. His *Indians Playing Lacrosse* (above) is his most noted canvas

SPORT IN ART

INDIAN GAMES



Illustration by J. H. Eastman



AFTER the winter hunts, and during the hot summer when wild game was not fit to kill, Indians of the American plains devoted themselves to a rugged, skull-cracking ball game that we know as lacrosse. One of the fastest games afoot, it was given that name by the French Canadians who thought the curved, netted stick looked like a bishop's crosier. The game was taken up by white men in the 1840s. An interested observer of the Indians at about that same time was an Army

officer, Captain Seth Eastman, stationed on frontier duty as commandant of Fort Snelling in Minnesota. Captain Eastman was a trained topographer who also wielded a paint brush with considerable skill and made a study of Indian customs, work and play. The paintings on these pages are his record of their wild and hectic ball game. On a playing field, marked out by stakes a quarter mile apart, two teams, often of unequal numbers and usually from rival villages, fought it out all day. Eastman reports that it was not uncommon for the whole day to pass without either team scoring a point. Heavy bets were made by the bleacher crowd which sat it out on horseback or squatted cozily on a heap of dry grass and an old Indian blanket, and as tension grew the piles of wampum increased. Many an Indian treasure changed hands before nightfall. Eastman, soldier and artist, after distinguished service to his country in the Civil War, was retired a brigadier general. He died in Washington, D.C. in 1875.



Thomas H. Morgan, Squaws Playing Ball

Squaws Playing Ball, by Seth Eastman, shows that Indian women of the plains were as lithe and dexterous as their men, who gathered around the sidelines to cheer



New York Public Library

Ball games played by the Sioux in winter often took place on a frozen river, as in this engraving after an Eastman painting. Objects of value, bet on favored teams, were piled on the ice

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IN THE SHADY EMPTYNESS OF A GREAT ARENA, WORKMEN LAY ALLEYS FOR FORTHCOMING ABC TOURNAMENT AT FORT WAYNE

THIRTY THOUSAND BOWLERS

by VICTOR KALMAN

That's how many will tread the lanes of the Fort Wayne Memorial Coliseum in the 72-day ABC tournament, bowling's annual jamboree

HANDLED CAREFULLY, as if they were bombs or babies, 38 pine-and-maple lanes and approaches were laid this week across a network of beams in the vast Memorial Coliseum at Fort Wayne, Ind. (above). By weekend they would be level and lacquered, ready for the first waves of some 30,000 bowlers who will compete for glory and a prize fund of \$428,333 in the 52nd American Bowling Congress championships, the largest participation event and one of the most spectacular in the sports world.

From Elmhurst, Ill. will come Harry Steers, 74, "the iron man of bowling," for his 75th annual appearance. Steve Nagy, 41 (*see cover*), will come from Cleveland, hoping to become the first man in history to win the national match game championship and an ABC title in the same year.

Arriving from almost every state and from abroad will be bankers and

farm hands, doctors, priests and oil-field workers, pinboys and Alaskan schoolteachers, students of 17 and retired millionaires in their 80s.

Colorfully uniformed contestants comprising 5,826 five-man teams, 11,312 doubles and 22,520 singles entries will roll for 72 consecutive days and nights (March 26 through June 5) before approximately 100,000 spectators, more than half of whom will accompany them from out of town. Bowlers and their rooters will spend an estimated \$8 million for hotel rooms, food and entertainment and hundreds of thousands more for transportation.

More than 100 newspapers, magazines, news agencies and radio and television stations will send representatives to the tournament and at least 700 dailies and weeklies throughout the U.S., Canada and Hawaii plan special coverage of local howlers.

The tournament, known simply as

"the ABC" to the game's 20 million adherents, is composed of four main events: team, doubles, singles (each a three-game series) and all-events (total pinfall for the nine games). A fifth title will be awarded the under-\$51-average "booster" team recording the highest three-game score.

Considering the number of participants and the relatively high entry fee of \$10 a man for each event, with \$3 extra for a chance at the all-events fund, the top prizes are small: \$2,500 in the team competition, \$1,000 doubles, \$300 singles and \$1,000 all-events. Thus follows the tradition set by the founders of the congress, who organized the modern tenpin game in 1895 and inaugurated the national tournament six years later. To them good fellowship was more important than high scores and prestige more desirable than profit. The carefree, carnival-like atmosphere they created in the first

ABC in a dimly lighted Chicago hall in 1901 pervades the ABC today.

In the current tournament, as in the 51 which preceded it, the vast majority of participants are duffers who will have trekked hundreds of miles and spent hundreds of dollars to be able to say they competed against a few hundred stars whose livelihood is bowling. There are only two or three teams in the entire East and perhaps two in the West which appear to have even a remote chance to win, yet Pennsylvania will be represented by 304 teams, New York by 238, New Jersey by 131, Iowa by 91, California by 46, and Texas will send 32.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

The popularity of the ABC may be explained partially by the fact that in a three-game series anything can happen. In 1923 a young man named Carl Baumgartner, of Cincinnati, rolled 482 in the team event, then came through with 724 to win the singles. Eugene Gagliardi of Mt. Vernon, N.Y., Ray Brown of Terre Haute, Ind. and many others won the singles championship in their first ABC—and never came close again.

In 1946 Henry Kwidowski of Buffalo, a member of a booster team who apparently had no business in the doubles or singles, worked all night at a defense plant and then rolled 698 to give him and John Gworek, another low-average man, the doubles title. At least half of the singles and doubles crowns have gone to unknowns who,

after howling over their heads on one great night, returned to obscurity.

Above all, however, the ABC's drawing power may be attributed to the prestige it has acquired through the years. Other tournaments and sweepstakes offer far larger prizes and are sterner championship tests, but for stars and duffers alike the ABC is the high point of each season. For many old-timers it is the *raison d'être* of bowling; they enter a neighborhood league only to become eligible for the big annual event.

Since the event is held in a different section of the country each year, the turnover naturally is great. The first 51 tournaments drew 624,580 bowlers, most of whom rolled only when play was within 250 miles of their homes. But 189 have bowled in 25 or more ABCs, more than 1,000 have participated for at least 18 years and several thousand have passed the 10-year mark. By now, ABC is in their blood.

Iron Man Harry Steers, a wiry little man of 5 feet 5 inches and 142 pounds who bowled weekly in Chicago's Randolph League without missing a single game in 34 years, knocked down 82,672 pins in his previous 49 starts for a lifetime average of 188. He won the doubles in 1902 and both the doubles and all-events in 1918.

Steers's dream is to topple so many pins before he retires that no one will ever overtake him. Behind him, with 76,211 pins for 45 tournaments (also 188 average), is Tony Schwaezler, 70,

continued on next page



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of Madison, Wis., doubles champion in 1909 and father of two-time National Champion Conrad Schwoegler.

Steve Nagy, who in addition to being national champion holds the ABC doubles record of 1,453 with Johnny Klares of Cleveland (set in 1952, when Nagy also won the all-events), has gathered a team of stars which might well take the title this year. He will bowl in the doubles with Corp. Dick Hoover of Akron, who won the U.S. title in 1950 at the age of 21. Chuck O'Donnell, Nelson Burton and Gil Smith complete the quintet which will roll on April 11.

Among the other teams rated a fine chance are: on April 12, Hamm's Beer of Chicago, which won in 1954 in Seattle under a different sponsor and includes all-time greats Joe Wilman and Joe Norris (Wilman and the late John Koster are the only bowlers to have won four ABC titles); on April 13, Falstaff Beer of Chicago, led by former U.S. Champions Buddy Bomar and Ned Day; April 19, Pfeffer Beer of Detroit, twice winner of the ABC and five times U.S. match champion, with George Young, current 10-year-average leader; April 24, Budweiser Beer of St. Louis, including two-time U.S. Champion Don Carter and defending ABC doubles titleholders Billy Welu and Don McClaren; May 12, Stroh Beer of Detroit, current U.S. match champion and generally considered one of the two or three best teams of all time.

AN ADDED ATTRACTION

As an added attraction for spectators, the fifth Masters Tournament—a double elimination event—will be staged on the Coliseum lanes for four nights beginning May 16. The country's 64 best bowlers will compete, rolling head-and-head matches based on total pins for four games. Contestants are eliminated upon losing two matches until, on the last night, only the two finalists remain.

This ABC is the fifth largest in history (the largest, 1953 in Chicago, drew 40,000 participants). Officials of the congress, who, incidentally, are elected by their city associations, are well satisfied with the number of entries. Their aim is to take the ABC into new territories and recruit new bowlers. Through this method they have built up their membership from 1,000 in 1901 to nearly 2 million today. They have done an excellent job because they, bowlers themselves, also have the ABC in their blood. (END)



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Sparton TV's electrical connections, *hand-soldered* by expert craftsmen, give you better reception and fewer repair bills.

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they not only have almost no electrical failures but that they are troubled less by fluttering pictures, distortions, "moon" and fly-spots than friends who own other makes of sets.

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SPEARING SHARKS IN MEXICO



WATCHING A SHARK. a trio of intent fishermen observe mark its position in a wave about to break. After the combat

passes, the harpooner moves forward and below and hurls his weapon at the shark, now vulnerable in the shallows. The shaft is



THE COMBERS that crash on the beach at Coyuca are just as translucent and beautiful as the surf at Acapulco, 15 miles away, but there is a difference—at Coyuca there are sharks. Makos, hammerheads and blacktips prow the shallows to feed on the lesser

fish which stray into the sea from a fresh-water lagoon nearby. So it is that the visitor to Coyuca may get a thrilling glimpse of a shark in a wave.

Native fishermen of the area spear the sharks for sport. Like old-time whalers, they use a harpoon with a

detachable head fixed to a short length of wire cable and a coil of rope for horsing out the fish. The harpooner takes a friend or two along to help with big sharks, and then they wade out to their thighs, alert and purposeful as they search for game.



quickly shaken free as the aroused fish tries to head out to deeper water. Now tug of war begins between shark and men (below).

Sometimes a big one requires the combined strength of three or four men to contain it and eventually drag it out onto the beach.





VANQUISHED SHARK proves to be a six-foot blacktip which is hauled to a spot clear of the water. During World War II the sharks were taken for their livers, from which a substitute for cod-liver oil was derived, but now they are speared purely for sport.



THE SHARK'S JAWS get a casual examination by the anglers. Now that commercial fishing for the sharks has stopped, they are once again numerous at the Barra de Coyuca, and harpooning is done the year round whenever the surf is clear enough to see into.



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DEER AMONG THE AMMO

While the Navy was building an ammunition depot in Oklahoma a civilian with a private plan made it into a wildlife sanctuary

by CLYDE CARLEY

AT THE Naval Ammunition Depot at McAlester, Okla., the deer and the turkeys play down by the rifle range, and Canada geese waddle within sight of the Administration Building. Beaver colonists eye bulldozers jealously. Wild ducks throng the ponds and creeks, and bobwhite quail, flourishing to the point of overpopulation, peek from the knolls at ammunition trucks crawling cautiously along the roads.

This odd situation came about in an even odder way and is the perfect example of what astonishing things can happen when the Navy's right hand is unaware of what its left is up to. Twelve years ago the Navy decided to build an ammunition depot at, of all places, Peaceable Creek. One can scarcely imagine a more desolate location for assembling piles of shells than the eroded, gully-washed 45,000 acres near the village of Savanna. This alleged farmland was about 10' under cultivation, and it has been said that if the Navy had tapped its foot in indecision, the farmers would have given it the land and thrown in some razorback hogs. Even the coyotes were about to leave.

But the Navy bought this miniature Grand Canyon and acquired the services of a remarkable left hand in the person of one C. D. (Dewey) Johnson as Superintendent of Maintenance. Johnson's immediate thought upon viewing the wasteland was: "What a wonderful place for a game refuge!"

Only a man with considerable imagination could have had such a thought; but to Johnson it was more than a fancy—it was a project.

In the resulting construction over an area comprising four school districts, the only old building left standing was the solid stone Cedar Tree School. It was nicknamed C-Tree and housed the Roads and Grounds Maintenance office. At a plain desk inside, about where the

teacher used to sit, Dewey Johnson directed three assistants, leading a crew which was later stabilized at 250 men. Once the first rush was over he became a sort of Johnny Appleseed on his own.

Every work project of his was plotted in a manner to also benefit wildlife. In the grading for 200 miles of railroad and 300 miles of improved highway interlacing the depot, in halting erosion and terracing, in providing water conservation, in beautifying grounds and leaving a natural amount of camouflage over storage units Johnson's game refuge was always present. Everything was done by the Navy book. At the same time, by selection of seeds and grasses and of shrubbery and soil-binder crops, by imaginative planning and planting, he could give the land back to the game and migratory waterfowl.

Where another superintendent might have standardized plantings with Bermuda and bluestem grass, Johnson judiciously used both Korean and bi-color lespedeza, left natural weeds and berry bushes at controlled spots, planted others to grain and vetch, put in oats and rye as well as Bermuda and King's Ranch bluestem to cure erosion. Where others might simply have cut down the natural growth around 626-acre Brown Lake, Johnson only thinned out the worst to plant bullrushes, sago pondweed, smartweed, duck millet and aquatics.

So it went over the entire 45,000 acres. C. D. Johnson heard his initials pronounced as "Seedy," never with disparaging intent yet seldom with any yo-ho praise on the old-salt level. He had no specific authority to create a bird sanctuary along with the ammunition depot, but neither was there official opposition to it. If a tough inspector came around from Washington and wanted an explanation of the influx of wildlife, Johnson was ready to

say honestly, "They just seem to like it here, sir."

The man making Navy history in this unorthodox fashion is an ex-sailor and Legionnaire, an aggressive Swede-Irishman of 5 feet 8 who is compact and steady-driving, freckled, partly bald and completely weather-creased in face and hands. A civilian employee, he is on the Public Works payroll. Born on a farm near McAlester, nine miles north of the depot, Johnson has seldom left the region except to hunt Wyoming elk and antelope and make other sports trips. An active Isaac Walton Leaguer for 30 years, he is now a national director and regional vice-president.

As Johnson's Secret Grand Plan developed within the Master Plan, only

continued on next page



C. D. JOHNSON examines some of his kaffir corn, one of many types of plantings he made to benefit both Navy and wildlife.

A CONTENTED BUCK PAUSES AT THE EDGE OF SOME NAVY-CONTRIVED WILDERNESS

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DEER *continued from page 51*

one casualty in 10 years was chargeable to C-Tree. It happened to a visiting admiral, one who expressed doubts about the profusion of deer said to be found already on this former wasteland. He was standing in the backyard of the commanding officer's home on the depot. In the same area it happened that a pair of orphaned deer were being bottle-fed until they could take to the hills. Even as the admiral spoke further on the menace of too many deer, one of the objects of his exasperation wandered quietly up behind him. The naval person stood with hands clasped behind his back, a finger protruding. The orphan deer saw what appeared to be a bottle nipple and seized same for normal use. Startled, the admiral jerked his hand away, suffering a wrenched finger. Poetic justice, C-Tree personnel called it.

PELTS FOR THE GENERAL FUND

As early as 1944 the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service sent Johnson one of their "government hunters" for predator control, on a part-time basis. Coyotes and bobcats had to go. Fay Hardin, the wily woodsman later assigned full time, did the dispatching. This winter he and helpers began trapping the 2,000-plus raccoon and "abundant" skunk, possum and mink which had reached nuisance numbers. The pelts will bring, for the Navy's General Fund, more than the cost of trapping.

The nominal manager of the game refuge for the Fish and Wildlife Service the past 26 months has been Earl W. Craven, who also heads their waterfowl station near Tishomingo, Okla. His chief interest is Brown Lake and the

ponds as fish havens, and the area generally as a luxury motel for waterfowl drawn from the Mississippi and Central flyways.

"By 1960 we can and will show you 50,000 geese and 200,000 ducks on the ground at our time, making Brown Lake and surroundings their headquarters," he says.

Wearing a visitor's badge and screened at the gate (like all other civilians), Craven brought fishing in depot waters above par before he entered the managing partnership with Johnson. Brown Lake and certain other spots are open to civilian personnel and to Marines who might go into town on leave.

The Colonel of Marines, C.O. of the Marine barracks providing security here, finds himself also acting as game warden. The poacher problem is slight for his 24-hour guards. Officers residing on the depot inquire plaintively about the best deer repellent to use on shrubbery. Marines learning to operate bulldozers once dug holes and filled them up again; now Johnson has them dig him a pond good for ducks and fish as well as fire control.

Johnson put on the pressure in 1948 to gain official approval before venturing heavily into game restocking. Captain V. R. Roane, then depot C.O., said to him, "Dewey, you start the ball rolling with a letter. If I do it—Navy toes are easily stepped on, you know."

So for four triptoeing years Johnson maneuvered his plan along channels, bringing together top-flight contacts in the Bureau of Ordnance, the Fish and Wildlife Service and interested state and national organizations. If it failed, he was sunk. They would either approve or condemn but no longer





A TRANSPLANTED BEAVER, new to range, crosses road looking for creek to dam.

ignore it. However, skeptical scanning of this new Navy sideline ended when Admiral M. F. Schoeffel, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, signed up in January, 1953. For a duration of 20 years, Navy and F&WS agreed to cooperate and maintain here an ideal game refuge. It was the first and remains the only such agreement ever entered into by a branch of the U.S. military. Last year Dewey Johnson, then 56 years old, received one of 10 Nash Conservation Awards, Nonprofessional Division.

So what good is this off-limits paradise to Mr. Public Sportsman? Several hundred deer already have spread from the base, leaping or crawling under the five-strand barbed-wire fences. Left behind were some 700 whitetails. In the surrounding area, especially for two years of severe drought, has been found the best quail and cottontail shooting in Oklahoma. Soon the state's legal deer-hunting boundaries, restricted to a few southeastern counties, should extend to all sides of the depot, which will undoubtedly be spilling over quail, wild turkeys and, in due time, prairie chickens. When surpluses of game build up, any club or organization will be allowed to take stockings—and state Game and Fish Department boys will provide the transportation. Just under way on 400 selected acres is an intensive research project on quail, supervised by the state's best bobwhite experts.

And what good derives for the country at large? Mainly that the precedent has been set. Uncle Sam owns many millions of acres for military reservations. Not all could be game havens, but some Congressmen and conservation-minded wheels surely will rise to ask of bureau heads: "Why didn't you think of this before?" **END**

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HORSES

NEW LOOK?

Could be, this year in New York

by ALBION HUGHES

FOR SOME YEARS now All Fool's Day has been the signal for the start of the New York racing season. Whether this was originally a wry jest on the part of an Albany scribe or just happenstance is moot. The fact remains that the opening of Jamaica on April 1 means that spring is here to those who tell the seasons by the horses.

This year while the Jamaica program with its three-year-old stakes and Derby previews is as provocative as ever, those interested in the future of New York racing will be as concerned about what is happening up in Albany as by what is going on at the track.

For this week starts the hearings on the Jockey Club plan to rehabilitate local race tracks. The plan would change Belmont completely, modernize Saratoga, eliminate Jamaica and perhaps Aqueduct, although this last is uncertain. John W. Hanes, chairman of the special committee of the Jockey Club, is more optimistic about the plan's chances than some. But even he points out there are four important hurdles. Once legislative approval is obtained then the minimum \$30,000,000 must be raised; then after impartial appraisal must come the sale of the Jamaica and or Aqueduct properties. Finally, there is need for the blessing of the State Racing Commission.

Should Albany give the nod, the transformation of Belmont might start directly after its spring meeting. The fall get-together would then be held at Aqueduct because of the 'chase schedules. So the golden anniversary of Belmont Park (it opened in 1905) may be celebrated with a face lifting and a new permanent.

While the Jockey Club fights it out at Albany, the three-year-olds will be fighting the pre-Derby battle at Jamaica. Highlight of the meeting is again the Wood Memorial, April 23, the all-important preview of the Kentucky Derby. The first Saturday, April 2, will see the Experimental Free Handicap in which the contenders carry weights assigned by Jimmy Kilroe, the official handicapper, at the end of their two-year-old campaign last year.

Paul Andolino, owner of the unbeaten mystery challenger Boston Doge, requested Jamaica stall space in February, and unless he changes his mind (again!) the colt with a mere 114 pounds should be a sure starter. He could win it in the same free-running manner as Erard King did last year. As the top three-year-olds who always get high imposts usually sit this one out, we'll probably first see Summer Tan, the colt who topped them all, in an overnight race or two early in the meeting. Nashua, the Flamingo winner, is running in the Florida Derby this week. But Roman Patrol, winner of the Louisiana Derby, is in training at Belmont and apparently, in fine fettle.

Down at Bowie, where Maryland racing got its traditional spring send-off, there are three interesting handicaps a week apart. The price tag goes up each time, reaching \$75,000 in the John B. Campbell Memorial April 9. Joe Jones and C. V. Whitney's Fisherman are entered in all three. Joe Jones has been running at Santa Anita but Fisherman is fresh from a long vacation in South Carolina. Alfred Vanderbilt's Social Outcast, whose weight penalty bent him in the Widener, is trying only for the Campbell Memorial. But he'll be hard to beat, so the chances of anyone knocking off all three handicaps is slim. The meeting winds up with the \$30,000 added Governor's Gold Cup for three-year-olds (April 16) which just might dig up a sharp Maryland contender for the Derby.

Willie Hartack and Chicago's Nick Shuk are engaged in an exciting riding duel down yonder. So far the boy from Pennsylvania, Hartack, is leading.

The atmosphere of Maryland racing is different from anywhere else. Everyone there is horse-wise, everyone knows the score. It's horse country, they're racing folk, and proud of it. **END**



Com



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Bob Dingwall

The 19th hole at our club is quite close to the 18th—which is a practical convenience though a trifle hazardous. A friend and I had just settled down to enjoy some Old Smuggler there one day when I suddenly noticed he was waving his drink wildly through the air. "Careful, Jim," I exclaimed, "don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler." I must confess I felt like a heel as soon as I realized the reason for his odd behavior was that a stray ball had landed on his head. But my words did bring him to in a hurry. Since then, instead of shouting "Fore" when they approach the 18th, many members call out, "Careful, don't waste a drop."

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DRAWING BY JOHN GROTH

BIG BUSINESS AT VERO BEACH

Or, for that matter, at any baseball club's spring training site where there's lots more involved than meets the eye. For the Dodgers, for instance, it's a yearly bill of more than \$250,000

BEHIND the colorful scene of spring training's purposeful confusion, painted here by John Groth, lies a side of the baseball picture seldom seen or heard of by the fan. Here the concern is not with batting averages but with bats; not with a pitcher's won-lost records but with the muscles of his arm; not with filling up a hole in the infield but with filling players' stomachs with the proper food. This is the business side of spring training—and it's a big business indeed.

In the case of baseball's largest training camp, Dodgertown at Vero Beach, Fla., it's business requiring an outlay of at least a quarter of a million dollars. No one knows to the last penny how much more. It's not that no one's looking. It's simply terribly complicated. Part of it is easy. Baseballs: \$10,000. Two gross of broken bats:



\$792. Laundry: \$9,424.70. But the Dodgers and 16 minor league clubs are in the picture, each a financial entity, each a part, sometimes disproportionately, always to some extent arbitrary, of the total cost as arrived at by the calculated whim of a harassed auditing department. Ten of the clubs are "working agreement," meaning that their stock is owned by non-Brooklyn interests and their training expenses are in varying degrees absorbed by them; the rest are Brooklyn owned. Exhibition games by the Brooklyn clubs soften the prodigious training expense, returning something over \$100,000 of the spring training "nut." But with an operating deficit of around \$150,000 annually, spring training for the Dodger organization is not the kind of big business you'd want to be passing on to your indigent nephew.

Dodgertown itself is 109 acres, four practice diamonds and a modern stadium with a seating capacity of 4,100. It is four automatic pitching machines and five batting cages. It is a former Naval Air Station, leased to the Dodgers by the City of Vero Beach. It is, to alleviate the intense preoccupation with baseball, a two-acre artificial lake stocked with bass and brim, an orange grove, a nine-hole pitch-and-putt course, a swimming pool, tennis, basketball and badminton courts, Ping-pong tables, a motion picture theater and a soda fountain. It is 2,510 bed sheets and 4,224 towels and, in the kitchen, 66 Brooklyn should excuse the word *banquet* of assorted sizes.

It is also, from the time the first players emerge pale into the southern sun until the club house man sweeps up the last pair of dirty inner socks

from beneath the locker about seven weeks later—435 exceptionally skilled athletes, an overhead of more than 150 managers, scouts, grounds keepers, cooks and busboys, medical and administrative personnel.

It is big. It is business. It's spring training, 1955.

The story is told of how in 1924 John Ringling induced John McGraw to bring the Giants to Sarasota when spring training was not quite what it is now. It happened, nevertheless, that when the Giants landed, the hotel Ringling had set aside was too small—to put it mildly.

"What did you expect?" McGraw bellowed at Ringling. "Nine men?"

For the business of getting three teams into shape, turn the page

TRAINING PROBLEMS OF

BROOKLYN RELIES ON TWO HANDS



THERE ARE two times when a baseball player boasts that he's in "real good shape": the day he signs his contract; and the day he reports for spring training. Last week, midway in baseball's annual big spring buildup, a lot of Brooklyn's Dodgers were painfully aware just how out of condition they were after the winter hiatus.

No one is more aware of this than Dr. Harold Wendler, beginning his 13th year as the Dodgers' trainer, as an unending parade of players stream to him with aching arms, pulled muscles, blistered hands and sunburned faces.

In his small training room, cluttered with rubbing tables, a whirlpool bath,

a diathermy machine and a table overflowing with tape, gauze and bottled balm, Doc Wendler applies his ministrations (left). But his chief assets are his powerful skilled hands which massage and manipulate muscle and limb back into working order.

Besides the expected aches and pains, Brooklyn faces more serious problems. Many of the key men on whom the Dodgers' pennant hopes are pinned remain scarred with old wounds which neither heal quickly nor are easily forgotten. These players, too, turn to Doc Wendler with daily regularity.

Jackie Robinson, five pounds overweight and troubled with failing legs,

BOUILLON IS CHICAGO'S GIMMICK



YEARS AGO, the big problem of spring training was overweight. Players who enjoyed a leisurely well-fed off-season would report to camp with 20 to 30 extra pounds, and they either would be sent to Hot Springs, Ark., or would spend months trying to sweat it off. While this is rarely the case today, every manager has a few boys with a few pounds too many. For Chicago's Marty Marion, it's Jim Rivera.

Although he played ball in Puerto Rico during the winter, Rivera weighed in at the Tampa camp at 203 pounds. Marion ordered him to shed eight pounds: "It's speed that makes you a good ballplayer and every extra pound

slows you down." For Rivera, however, eating less food has proved no easy matter. Known for his weakness for double-thick malted milks and creamy desserts, the outfielder nevertheless forsakes his pleasures, and at last report was five pounds lighter and still losing.

Midway through last season, the White Sox began taking wheat-germ oil in hopes that it would pep up their fading club. This year, they have a new gimmick—hot beef bouillon. Made from imported Argentine beef extract, this beverage has become as much of a locker room fixture as salt tablets, foot powder and chewing tobacco.

On a sheet-covered table at one end

CINCINNATI CONCENTRATES ON LEGS



IN THE VIEW of Birdie Tebbetts, manager of the Redlegs, who has been going through spring training for some 20 seasons, a team encounters two weak periods. The first occurs between the fifth and 10th day. Fielders limp off the field with pulled leg muscles. Batters' hands are pinked with blisters. Pitchers throw as hard as they can, but find they are throwing "nothing-balls."

The second time of weakness is during the fourth week of encampment, as the clubs begin to head north. By then, players who have played in exhibition games are physically tired of training, and when they hit cold weather on

the two-week exhibition march north, about 25% of them will come down with the flu or a cold.

"Because of these two periods of weakness," says Tebbetts, "you've got to be careful. If a team isn't in condition enough to throw them off, it can mean the difference between winning a pennant or just having a ball club."

Tebbetts' formula for getting his men into physical shape is to concentrate on the legs. If you can get a ballplayer's feet and legs in shape, the Redlegs' manager believes, his arm and the rest of his body will be fit. Moreover, he won't tire easily.

Like most managers, Tebbetts

THREE PENNANT CONTENDERS

sits in the soothing 105° water of a whirlpool bath. Don Newcombe, plagued with a sore pitching arm last season, has his arm rubbed and stretched. Carl Erskine, fighting to gain back eight pounds lost in a bout with pneumonia during the winter, eats all the bananas and cream that he can stomach. Pee Wee Reese, with an ailing back, gets heat to heal the strain. Rookie Pitcher Karl Spooner receives special attention for his knees, healing from an operation, and massage for a recently strained arm.

As a result, Manager Walter Alston is caught in a paradox. On one hand, he has a conditioning program

designed to run with machinelike efficiency, while on the other, he is allowing—or is forced to allow—those ailing Dodgers to work at their own speed.

On a typical day, workout begins at 9:45 a.m., with 15 minutes of mass calisthenics, and for the next three hours, the 73 players, split into small groups, shuttle every 15 or 30 minutes with timetable precision between batting cages and batter's box, the sliding pits and the four practice diamonds.

The Dodgers will be in shape for opening day, but in Doc Wendler's hands—as much as in Alston's hands—rests Brooklyn's chances of getting off to a good start this season.

of the White Sox dressing room under the grandstand of Al Lopez Field, a four-gallon electric warmer keeps the bouillon steaming throughout the day-long workout (left). A small printed sign pasted above urges players to ladle out as much as they want. The reason for bouillon, as Chicago's two trainers Eddie Froelich and Mush Esler explain, seems logical enough. A ballplayer who has been sweating in the sun and has lost as much as eight pounds, becomes dehydrated and needs liquids. Water is all right, except that it cools a player off and, as a result, slows him down when he goes back on the field. Hot bouillon, says Froelich, won't do this.

Together with crackers, oranges and apples, beef bouillon has also replaced the standard bill of fare of sandwiches and milk that most ball clubs have for lunch. The White Sox are convinced that milk and sandwiches require too much additional blood to digest, leaving a player too sluggish for the afternoon workout. "Besides," Froelich is quick to add, "a cup of *this* is as nutritious as a roast beef sandwich. We picked up the idea from Paul Brown—and he's won a few football games."

Whether or not it can win baseball games, the 61 White Sox players in Tampa are gulping their bouillon at the rate of nine gallons a day.

counts heavily on the work and advice of his trainer, Dr. Wayne Anderson (left). And in Doc Anderson he has one of the best—so good, in fact, that players from other clubs come to Doc Anderson to be worked over. Not so many years ago teams employed \$20-a-week trainers—usually club-house attendants—to care for \$400-a-week athletes. Nowadays a trainer must be a specially skilled osteopath, physical therapist or chiropractor, and he commands upwards of \$15,000 a season.

Doc Anderson, like Tehbets, has his own ideas about handling players. "When one comes to me with a complaint and I can't find anything

physically wrong," says Anderson, "I don't just say 'you're all right.' I always give the boy something. Often, it's only an aspirin—but with a difference. I've got green colored ones, blue ones, pink ones and plain white. They help. It's not that the boys are crybabies; you just have to use psychology."

With Ted Kluszewski, it's a matter of coping with superstition. Before the 235-pound slugger will put on a uniform, Doc Anderson must give him a complete rubdown, use a vibrator on his legs and finish the daily 15-minute ritual by popping vertebra in his back. If Kluszewski doesn't get a hit the first time up, he'll return to the dugout and

BALLPLAYERS' MEDICAL LINGO

BUM WHEELS Tired, weak or out-of-condition legs.

FLAT TIRES Sore feet, fallen arches or pulled leg muscles. Also attributed to player who runs flat-footed or favors one leg.

CLAW A hand.

CRANK An arm. Usually the throwing arm. Also called a "flipper."

CRANK UP Rubdown or massage of the throwing arm, as in "crank up my arm."

JOINT MOUSE Joint with torn or loose piece of cartilage, particularly the knee.

HEAT Diathermy or infrared treatment.

HOT STUFF A mild analgesic ointment for muscle tenderness. Also referred to as "shot of hot stuff." Trainers formulate and mix their own preparations which include a have of mineral oil and liniment.

HOT PACK "Hot stuff" applied to gauze which is taped over sore muscle.

RED HOT A liquid counterirritant, stronger than "hot stuff," that reddens the skin and draws pain.

WHALE-BELLY Excessive weight around the midsection or a paunchy stomach.

THE CRUD Any fungus infection such as athlete's foot.

THE BAD BOY Any body rash or ache.

OUT OF JOINT Complaint for any and all back trouble.

SPUR All heel injuries ever since DiMaggio's celebrated "Achilles spur."

say, "Doc, better try again. I don't think you popped it."

Besides being nursemaid, psychologist and trainer, Doc Anderson also admits that he is a part-time mediator. "A training room is the first place the players let off steam. If they have a beef, whether it's with the manager or another player, I try to talk to the boy and smooth it out. If it's a really serious complaint, I'll talk to Birdie."

"I look at my job this way. If a man misses a ball game because he's injured or doesn't play his best because he's sore, it's a black mark against me. I've got to have nine men in good shape out there playing every day."

SOUTHERN QUEENS

It was a hot winter season for 'Hoot Mon' and 'Finisterre'

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

UGLY is too severe a word for anything so inherently graceful as a sailing yacht, too harsh for *Hoot Mon*, a true beauty queen on the basis of handsome as is as handsome does. Often termed an ugly duckling, the unconventional 39-foot yawl owned jointly by Lockwood Pirie of Chicago and Miami, Worth Brown of Miami and Charles Ulmer of City Island, N.Y. (SI, Oct. 18), has won top honors in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference for the second year running.

Last year this unusual boat had things almost entirely her own way in the southern circuit. This year she knew she was in for a fight when Carleton Mitchell's brand-new yawl *Finisterre* won the Fort Lauderdale-Bimini race with *Hoot Mon* in third place behind John Hertz's *Ticonderoga*. For the rest of the winter either *Hoot Mon* or *Finisterre* was first as they left the rest of the keen fleet grasping for only their class prizes (*Hoot Mon* and *Finisterre* both being in Class C).

Aside from the fact that both are yawls, both within a foot of each other in over-all length, and both with exactly the same rating under the complicated ocean-racing handicap formula, it would be hard to imagine two ocean racers as dissimilar as *Hoot Mon* and *Finisterre*. Where *Hoot Mon* has long overhangs, *Finisterre's* are short. *Hoot Mon's* beam is below average, *Finisterre's* far above. *Finisterre* is a shallow draft centerboarder, *Hoot Mon* a keel boat. While *Hoot Mon* is quite light and designed to sail largely over the water, *Finisterre* is heavy and sails through it.

In sailing qualities they are equally unlike, with the one common denominator that both are fast. *Finisterre* feels like a larger boat than she is, sails more nearly upright and can be driven hard in a strong beat to windward. *Hoot Mon* feels more like a day racing boat and must be sailed like one, nursing her way along on heavy weather windward legs and reducing sail early. Both have their strong points of sailing, neither any really weak ones. *Hoot Mon* is nearly unbeatable downwind; *Finis-*

terre appears better to windward. *Hoot Mon* is inexpensive as ocean racers go, *Finisterre* a real gold plater.

While the issue is still unsettled as to which is the faster all-round boat, there's no question about *Hoot Mon* being on top thus far.

After her third in the Bimini Race, *Hoot Mon* won the Lipton Cup Race at Miami. *Finisterre* seemed a sure second in this one until her wily skipper, Carleton Mitchell of Annapolis, gambling on a wild chance to win, went wind hunting, found only calms and dropped way down to seventh out of the 24 entries.

In the Miami-Nassau Race *Hoot Mon* got the start. In the early windward work *Finisterre* was gaining and seemed about to pass when she left *Hoot Mon* to sail what seemed to her, and to the others, a better course. *Hoot Mon*, however, proved to be the one which guessed right. She was still ahead when the wind fairied and from then on it was just her dish. She won going away, with *Finisterre* second.

In the heavy weather, 30-mile windward-leeward Nassau Cup race a few days later it was all *Finisterre*, her victory being a little hollow due to *Hoot*

Mon's failure to enter. *Hoot Mon* was thought to be sold and her owners didn't care to risk damage at that juncture. *Finisterre* went so well in this race that the consensus is that not even *Hoot Mon* could have touched her.

The St. Petersburg-Havana race which started on March 12 was the rubber match, with each of the two yachts having two wins. It was light, fluky and soon foggy. At midnight, 12 hours after the start, *Finisterre* and *Hoot Mon* were nip and tuck, so close they could spot each other through the murk. Then in the lightest possible air, when much of the fleet had lost steerage-way, they drifted apart. At daybreak there were several miles between them, with *Finisterre* to windward but both almost equidistant from Havana. Skipper Pirie and Watch Captain Ulmer here decided not to try to hold up high like *Finisterre*, even though they could just barely fetch the line. Instead, they hoisted mizzen staysail, gave her head and drove off at high speed on a close reach. When the wind fairied later, letting them reach up to Havana, they were home free, winner by a whopping 2 hours 28 minutes and 25 seconds. The runner up? *Finisterre*, of course.

For over-all Southern Circuit honors and the Florida Governor's Cup which goes with it, the superbly sailed *Hoot Mon* was first with 236 points, *Finisterre* second with 219.5 points and Bradley Noyes' 5-foot yawl *Trogs* from Marblehead third with 211.5.

Trogs, which is not unlike a larger *Finisterre*, was a consistent performer in her first year of southern racing, apparently destined to do even better in the future, particularly if *Hoot Mon* and *Finisterre* stay home. (END)



"That was Rael's 'Bolero.' Try to guess this one."

LONG RIDE

This is how it was at Sebring

by JOHN BENTLEY

APPROXIMATELY one hour and 42 minutes after the start of the Sebring 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance, my engine spluttered, coughed, and in a few yards quit completely. A makeshift differential gear, salvaged two nights before from a wrecked Fiat in St. Petersburg after our own blow up, had thrown our calculations off completely. Four miles from the pits, I was clean out of gas.

My 1,100-cc Abarth, a new and untried machine imported from Italy a month before, was doing well enough. We had run third in class for the first seven laps, second until lap 33; now, after the leading British Lotus, a fast and potent machine, had plunged into some hay bales, we were ahead by one minute and 13 seconds.

I recall unbuckling the safety belt, removing my crash helmet and yanking futilely at the starter switch while traffic zoomed down the narrow road in snarling, tight-packed bunches. Ferraris, Maseratis, Porsches, Jaguars rounded the hairpin with squealing tires and thundered past in a riot of color and blaring exhausts. It was swelteringly hot. I clambered out, my shirt stuck to my back, my mouth dry and bitter-tasting. Then I started pushing 1,250 pounds of dead machinery four miles back to the pits.

It took me less than 400 yards to realize I hadn't a prayer of making it. The sweat was pouring into my eyes; my heart was bursting. Suddenly, out of the snarling stream of cars, a white Ferrari slithered to a stop behind me. It was ablaze from gas trapped in the belly pan and ignited by the exhaust. The driver ripped his flaming shirt off and flung it to the grass, then leaped out after it. Luckily there was a pile of sand nearby. Course officials stood by while he fought the flames, forbidden by regulations to aid him.

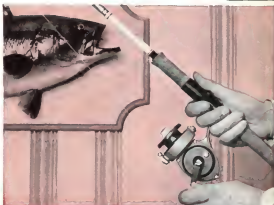
I had one slim chance: to run back to the pits, grab a pit steward and a gas can, and double back to the car. I made it in 15 minutes, gasped out my request and got an okay. The steward returned with me, broke the seal and

continued on page 62

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MOTORS *continued*

refilled it after I poured in the gas. Forty-five minutes after its last, fateful splutter the Abarth came into the pits under its own power.

The first to greet me there was a pit steward who inquired: "Did you refuel on the course?" I nodded yes. "Then," he said, "you're disqualified. It's not allowed." I stuttered a desperate protest; but at that moment the chief steward happened to come by. After a brief consultation the ruling was reversed. "If you drove 20 laps before you



BENTLEY AND ABARTH ON THE COURSE

ran out of gas," he said, "you can go on. That's the minimum distance permissible."

We had lost 10 laps and dropped from first to next-to-last position; from now on it was maximum effort. I drove stripped to the waist. Already the course was littered with derelets. A wrecked Ferrari leaned drunkenly at the first curve beyond the pits, facing a diminutive Renault which had flipped three times and looked ready for the junkyard. Through the S-curve coming out of the Funnel two more cars were off the road. At No. 7, the fateful hairpin, an Austin-Healey had slid into another sand pile. In the zigzag at the end of the back straight, a red and black Ferrari stood jammed against a fire hydrant. Along the main straight an abandoned Kurtis-Kraft and a forlorn Kieft had failed their drivers.

My lap times shrank, round by round. We were averaging 70.1 mph, 14 mph faster than our required minimum. The Abarth ran better with each lap, as the engine limbered up and I found the groove. In endurance racing, driving becomes an automatic sequence of motions after a while as your reflexes take over. Curves 1 and 2—full bore in high gear. Aim for that marker barrel and just miss it. No. 3 curve—brake and downshift to third. Then second for 4 and 5—the bumpy "S" leading to the hairpin. Third, second, third, high for a quarter-mile; then third and second again for the zigzag. The hours roared by. Three

p.m. and my pit crew called me in; Mechanic Jim McGee took over. He made up two more laps; when I climbed into the seat again, we had four to go to win back the lead. Lap after lap, and then the sun went down. There came that deceptive, dangerous period of twilight when moving shadows play havoc with your depth perception. You switch on the spotlight beams and their delicate fingers probe the gathering dusk.

I made my last refueling stop at 9 p.m. on our 118th lap. We were gaining 10 seconds a lap on the third-place Porsche, but with an hour left there was no hope of making up the deficit—unless something happened to one of our rivals. And it just might, even now. Especially I kept a weather eye open for leading Lotus No. 79. It was losing ground in the dark and had slammed a couple of times into the hay bales.

Then, with dramatic suddenness, our luck seemed to change. At 9:15 p.m. I caught the welcome sign on our pit board: "P3—X." That meant, "Position 3. Let's go!" I called out the last reserves and No. 80 responded gallantly. The body skin was cracked, the exhaust pipes were loose, part of the throttle linkage had come adrift from the terrific beating and my brakes were almost gone; but the engine held up like a trooper. Most nerve-racking were those moments of being overtaken by the leading Jaguar, Ferraris and Maseratis. The dazzling glare of their headlights coming up behind and the earth-quaking roar of exhausts as they nearly climbed up my back before whooshing past was something that only the small car driver can appreciate.

My happiest moment was when I caught sight of an official holding up a large clockface at No. 7 hairpin. The hands pointed to 9:55 p.m. I knew I was on my last lap and, sure enough, I got the checkered flag next time around. The first news from my excited pit crew was even more cheering. Two Lotuses ahead of us had gone out; one, pushed out of the pit in desperation to cross the line on the starting motor, had been disqualified. That made us second in our class. But not all races are decided with the checkered flag, and Sebring this year least of all. Despite their previous ruling on my refueling on the course, the harassed officials in the end reversed themselves; we were disqualified. Rather than argue, I withdrew No. 80 voluntarily. After all, we finished the 12 hours; the Abarth held her own; we had a moral victory, and we had fun. What more can anyone ask? (END)

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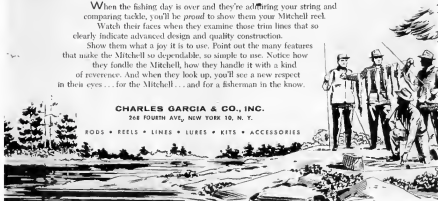
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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

March 25 through April 3

FRIDAY, MARCH 25

Boxing
● Bob Baker vs. Julio Mercedes, heavyweights, Md.
● Se. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Fencing
NCAA championships, E. Lansing, Mich.

Tennis
Nat'l. women's indoor championship final, Longwood Bowl, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Track & Field
K of C Games, Cleveland

SATURDAY, MARCH 26

Baseball
East-West College All-Star game, Md. Sq. Garden, New York.
Nat'l. AAU men's final, Denver.
Nat'l. Biddy final, Huntington, W.Va.

Boxing
ABC tournament begins, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Nat'l. Duck Pin tournament, Pawtucket, R.I.

Field Trips
Nyxcon Open Classic, Weldon Spring, Mo.

Hendell
Nat'l. sr. 4-wall final, Los Angeles.

Hockey
Stanley Cup: Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing
● Florida Derby, \$100,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds, Gulfstream Pk., Hallandale, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).
● Southern Maryland Handicap, \$15,000, 7 1/2, 3-yr.-olds up, Bowie, Md.
Grand Nat'l. Stomperchase, 4 m., 850 yds. (30 jumps), Antree, Liverpool, England.

Waterboating
NOA world championships, Corpus Christi, Tex.

Pan-American Games
Closing-day ceremonies, Mexico City.

Rowing
Cambridge vs. Oxford, Putney, England.

Shooting
Hermann Cup Invitational, Sun Valley, Id.

Swimming
NCAA finals, Miami U., Oxford, O.

Track & Field
Chicago Daily News Relays, Chicago.
Colorado Indoor Invitational, Boulder, Col.

Wrestling
NCAA finals, Cornell U., Ithaca, N.Y.

SUNDAY, MARCH 27

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Md. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (afternoon & evening).

Golf
Miami Beach Open final.

Hockey
Stanley Cup: Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.

MONDAY, MARCH 28

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Boston.
Worldwide Air Force tournament, Orlando, Fla.

Boxing
● Paddy De Marco vs. Libby Manzo, lightweights, S. Hack's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
● Jimmy Martinez vs. Oney Granetti, middleweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC-local blackout).
Ralph Dupes vs. Bobby Pickle, lightweights, New Orleans (10 rds.).

TUESDAY, MARCH 29

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Buffalo, N.Y.

Hockey
Stanley Cup: Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto; Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Hershey, Pa.

Boxing
● Willie Pep vs. Gil Cadill, featherweights, Parks AFB, Calif. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Hockey
Stanley Cup (if necessary): Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Richmond, Va.

Boxing
NCAA championships, Pocatello, Id.
Golden Gloves finals, Chicago.

Figure Skating
U.S. championships, Colorado Springs, Col.

Golf
Azules Open, Cape Fear C.C., Wilmington, N.C.

Hockey
Stanley Cup (if necessary): Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.

Swimming & Diving
Nat'l. AAU indoor championships, New Haven, Conn.

Tennis
POC world pro championships begin, Cleveland.

Wrestling
Nat'l. AAU sr. freestyle championships, Anshyville, L.I., N.Y.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Philadelphia.

Boxing
● Billy Graham vs. Chico Vejar, welterweights, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
Johnny Saxton vs. Tony De Marco, for welterweight title, Boston Garden (15 rds.).

Track & Field
Texas Relays, Austin, Tex.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Cincinnati.

Dog Shows
Int'l. Kennel Club Show, Chicago.

Hockey
Stanley Cup (if necessary): Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing
Bowie Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Bowie, Md.
Experimental Free Handicap, \$20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y.

Softball
The McMillan Cup (intercollegiate), Annapolis, Md.

Shooting
Veterans' Giant Stolen, Santa Fe, N.Mex.

Shooting
The Carolina Cup, Camden, S.C.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Chicago.

Hockey
Stanley Cup (if necessary): Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.

Shooting
Nat'l. Giant Stolen, Stevens Pass, Wash.

SCOREBOARD

PAN-AMERICAN WINNERS

(First Week's Events)

FENCING

MEN'S EVENTS

Foil individual—J. Goldsmith, U.S.
Foil team—Argentina
Sabre team—Argentina

PENTATHLON

Individual—J. Mest, Mexico: 27 points against
Team—Mexico, 36 points against.

ROWING

Single sculls—J. Kelly, U.S. Time: 4:26.5.
Double sculls—U.S. Time: 4:25.1.
Pairs with coxswain—Argentina: Time: 5:40.1.
Pairs without coxswain—Argentina: Time: 4:15.5.
Fours with coxswain—Argentina: Time: 4:08.1.
Fours without coxswain—Argentina: Time: 4:25.5.
Eight-oared—U.S. Time: 4:00.2.
Team championships—Argentina.

TENNIS

Men's singles—A. Lanza, U.S.
Men's doubles—G. Pelizzari and M. Llanos, Mexico.
Women's doubles—E. Bayat and E. Bayat, Mexico.
Mixed doubles—G. Pelizzari and Y. Benzer, Mexico.

TRACK AND FIELD

MEN'S EVENTS

100-m. dash—Rod Richard, U.S. Time: 9:30.2.
200-m. dash—Rod Richard, U.S. Time: 9:30.7.
400-m. dash—L. Jones, U.S. Time: 4:54.4.
800-m. run—A. Swartz, U.S. Time: 3:49.7.
1,500-m. run—A. Swartz, Argentina: Time: 3:33.2.
5,000-m. run—O. Suarez, Argentina: Time: 15:36.1.
10,000-m. run—O. Suarez, Argentina: Time: 32:42.6.
100-m. high hurdles—J. Davis, U.S. Time: 2:44.3.
400-m. hurdles—J. Davis, U.S. Time: 5:50.5.
2,000-m. steeplechase—G. Solo, Chile: Time: 9:46.2.
Mexico: 9:50.5.
400-m. relay—U.S. Time: 4:03.7.
1,600-m. relay—U.S. Time: 3:07.2.
Decathlon—J. Johnson, U.S.: 8,394 points.
Event jump—A. Wang, U.S.: 20.1 ft., 6 1/2 in.
High jump—E. Shelton, U.S. Ht.: 6 ft. 7 1/2 in.
Pole vault—B. Roberts, U.S. Ht.: 14 ft. 9 1/2 in.
Shot, discus—A. Ferris, U.S.: 20.1 ft., 20.1 ft.
Shot put—P. O'Brien, U.S.: 20.1 ft., 20.1 ft.
Discus—F. Gendron, U.S.: 20.1 ft., 20.1 ft.
Javelin—F. Held, U.S.: 20.1 ft., 20.1 ft.
Hemlock throw—K. Baines, U.S.: 20.1 ft., 20.1 ft.

WOMEN'S EVENTS

50-m. dash—B. Diaz, Cuba: Time: 0:57.5.
100-m. dash—B. Diaz, Cuba: Time: 0:51.5.
50-m. hurdles—J. Gault, Chile: Time: 0:51.7.
400-m. relay—U.S. Time: 4:07.7.
High jump—M. McQuinn, U.S. Ht.: 5 ft. 4 1/2 in.
Discus—J. Phillips, Argentina: Distance: 14 ft. 8 1/2 in.
Javelin—K. Anderson, U.S.: Distance: 14 ft. 8 1/2 in.

WEIGHT LIFTING

Heavyweight—N. Schenck, U.S.: 1,038.5 pounds.
Middle heavyweight—D. Shepard, U.S.: 874.3 pounds.
Light heavyweight—T. Kono, U.S.: 562.5 pounds.
Middleweight—P. George, U.S.: 528 pounds.
Lightweight—J. Palmer, U.S.: 378 pounds.
Featherweight—C. Chiodi, Mexico: 238.5 pounds.
Bantamweight—C. Wood, U.S.: 160 pounds.

WRESTLING

Heavyweight—W. Kirtland, U.S.
Light heavyweight—A. Pasikis, U.S.
Middleweight—L. Smith, Argentina.
Welterweight—A. Longstaffe, Argentina.
Lightweight—J. T. Evans, U.S.
Featherweight—O. Boudet, Argentina.
Bantamweight—J. Blahnik, U.S.
Flyweight—M. Vazquez, Argentina.

*New record.

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Los Jones**, former Manhattan College star who failed to win major race during recent indoor season, staged driving finish in 400 meters, won in 0.43.4 for new world record at Pan-American games in Mexico City. ● **Adhemar Ferreira da Silva** of Brazil hopped, stepped and jumped 54 feet 4 inches, set new world record for event at Pan-American games. ● **Anthony Di Micheli** of Venezuela pedaled 1,000 meters in 1:09.8 against time,

cracked world cycling record at Pan-American games. ● **Dave Hawkins**, Harvard's fast-moving NCAA swimming titleholder, established American mark of 2:13.8 for 200-yard butterfly in Eastern Intercollegiate championships at New Haven, Conn. ● **George Green** of Cortland State Teachers College thrashed 1,500-meter freestyle in 19:09.4, lowered college standard for long-course pool by 30.3 seconds.

BASKETBALL

San Francisco proved right to nation's No. 1 ranking, scored decisive 77-63 triumph over La Salle for 26th straight, won NCAA title for first time at Kansas City. Dons' phenomenal 6-foot 9½-inch **Bill Russell** gave amazing display of skill, rebounded superbly, scored 23 points, overshadowed La Salle's great **Tom Gola**, was voted tournament's most valuable player after setting five-game scoring record of 118 points. Beaten by San Francisco 62-59 in semifinal, **Colorado** ran over Iowa 75-54 for third place. Hawkeyes bowed to La Salle 76-73 in other semifinal.

Duquesne's twin All-Americans, **Si Green** and **Dick Ricketts**, scored all of team's 35 points in first half, led Dukes to easy 70-58 victory over Dayton in NIT final at New York. Duquesne strategy called for ball to be worked to Green and Ricketts, paid off when pair outmaneuvered Dayton's bigger **Bill Uhl** and **John Horan**, tallied 36 points, gave winners first NIT crown in eight tries. Cincinnati lost to Duquesne 65-51 in semifinal, came back to outscore Miami St. Francis of Loretto, Pa. 96-91 in overtime consolation game despite 31 points by **Maurice Stokes**, named tournament's outstanding player. Stokes ran up 43 points in Frankie's 79-73 loss to Dayton, was sensational throughout week-long show.

Boston Celtics overcame 4½-point second quarter by red-hot **N.Y. Knickerbockers**, moved out in front on scoring of **Bob Cousy**, **Easy Ed Macauley**, **Jack Nichols** and **Bill Sharman**, rolled to 116-109 win, qualified for best-of-five series with first-place **Syracuse Nationals** for Eastern championship in NBA play-offs. Celtics won first game 122-101, dropped second to Knicks 102-95.

Pt. Wayne Pistons opened best-of-five series for Western Division title, out-hustled second-place **Minneapolis Lakers** 96-79. Lakers went up against well-rested Pistons day after winning semifinal rubber game from **Rochester Royals** 119-116.

HOCKEY

Detroit Red Wings climaxed exciting comeback, trounced **Rockettes** **Montreal Canadiens** 6-0 in last game for ninth straight victory (see page 22), topped National Hockey League (by two points) for seventh consecutive season, moved against third-place **Toronto Maple Leafs** in Stanley Cup opener at Detroit as losing Canadiens played fourth-place **Houston**. Earlier in week Detroit was handed 4-1 forfeit win at Montreal in game halted by rioting of Montreal fans.

Montreal's Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion scored one goal, two assists against N.Y. Rangers, nosed out idle **Richard** for league scoring title, 75 to 74 points. **Detroit** Goalie **Terry Sawchuk** won \$1,000 Vezina

Award for best record; **Montreal's Bert Oatstead** led circuit with 48 assists.

SKIING

Wallace (Bud) Werner, sandy-haired 19-year-old Denver University freshman from Steamboat Springs, Col., skidded down Mount Mansfield Novesive Trial in record-shattering 2:07.5, outclassed star-studded field in American International downhill race at Stowe, Vt. **Austria's Andreas Molterer** took honors in slalom and giant slalom, won Alpine combined with 3.81 points. Attractive **Andrea (Andy) Mead Lawrence**, fresh from triple win in nationals, cleaned up in women's division, swept both slaloms, tied **Madeleine Berthold** of Switzerland in 2:08.7 in downhill, had 0.09 record in Alpine combined.

U.S. Olympic selection committee named eight men, five women to compete in Alpine events at Cortina, Italy next January. The men: **Eldon Tom Curran** of U.S. Navy; **Brooks Dodge** of Pinkham Notch, N.H.; **Marvin McBride** of Salt Lake City; **Ralph Miller** of Hanover, N.H.; **Dick Mitchell** of Ogden, Utah; **Marvin Moriarty** of Stowe; **Bud Werner**, Alternates; **Billy Beck** of Kingston, R.I.; **Ken Lloyd** of Reno, Nev. The women: **Andy Lawrence**; **Katy Rudolph** of Reno; **Dorothy Madenness** of Seattle; **Betsy Snite** of Hanover; **Gladys (Skeeter) Werner** of Steamboat Springs, Alternates; **Penny Pitou** of Gilford, N.H.; **Jennette Burr Bray** of Seattle.

BOXING

Floyd Patterson, quick-handed, overbeaten (by **Joe Max Baer**) light heavyweight from Brooklyn, smashed **Esau Ferdinand** to canvas in seventh, blasted opponent to ropes in 10th, scored TKO when referee stopped fight at Oakland, Calif.

Bobby Dykes, long-armed, back-peddling Miami middleweight, shook up **Kid Gavilan** with uppercuts, looping rights, won unanimous 10-round decision at Miami, handed fading ex-welterweight champion second straight defeat of comeback.

Idaho State's Mike McMurtry knocked out Heavyweight **Ron Kalafat** of Washington State in final bout, gave **Bengals** 38 points and Pacific Coast Interscholastic title at Sacramento, Calif.

Joey Giardello, No. 1 middleweight contender, was found guilty by Philadelphia jury on charges of assaulting gasoline station attendant with crutch on Oct. 29 when recuperating from knee operation, freed maximum sentence of eight years and \$3,500 fine, minimum penalty of probation. Tough guy **Giardello**, denied shot at **Champion Carl (Baba) Olson** until case is settled, planned to appeal.

HORSE RACING

Master Black, Argentine-bred racer, forged into lead after trailing for first mile, swept past favored **Fly Wheel**, romped home by four lengths in \$66,250 Gulfstream Park Handicap at Hallandale, Fla., gave **Hasty House Farms** fifth Florida stake victory.

Guayma, 10-1 long shot ridden by **Jockey Walter Blum**, came from behind in stretch, outran **Another World** and **Cerie Reine**, flashed home first by 3½ lengths in \$27,900 **Barbara Fritchie** Handicap for fillies and mares at Bowie, Md.

Erin's Cottage, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Walsh's Irish import, broke on top, stayed in front all the way, took 2¼-mile **Sandhills Cup** at Southern Pines, N.C. in opening race of National Steeplechase and Hunt Association spring program. Co-favored **Steeplebook** open hurdles went to **Cumtall Laid** with **Pat Smithwick** up.

Johnny Longden, winningest U.S. jockey, chalked up 4,500th and 4,301st victories of 28-year career at Golden Gate Fields, Alhambra, Calif., set sights on retired **St. Gordon Richards'** world record of 4,870.

GOLF

Cary Middlecoff, seasoned Memphis, Tenn. pro, overcame five-stroke deficit on last round, dropped 30-foot putt on final hole for 274 total, edged **Jay Hebert** of Woodmere, N.Y. in St. Petersburg, Fla. Open.

Harvie Ward, transplanted North Carolinian who now calls San Francisco his home, was two down on first 18 holes, rallied to beat **Bob Ross** 4 and 3 in tough San Francisco City Tournament, earned local recognition as top-ranking golfer.

Will Smith, husky, freckle-faced U.S. junior champion from El Canada, Calif., took early lead, went on to upset respected **Pat Loeoe** 3 and 2 in 18-hole final, captured North and South women's amateur at Pinehurst, N.C.

FIGURE SKATING

Hayes Alan Jenkins of Colorado Springs, Col., 21-year-old three-time world champion, whirled to near-perfect score in free skating, retained North American men's singles title at Regina, Sask. **Pretty Tenley Albright** of Newton Centre, Mass. (SI, Feb. 7), who recaptured world crown at Vienna in February, tripped and fell, came back with dazzling display of intricate hops, steps and jumps, won unanimous decision of judges in women's singles. **Carmel and Edward Bode** of Orinda, Calif. won dance event, pairs championship went to **Frances Dafoe** and **Harris Norris** of Toronto.

AUTO RACING

American Automobile Association officials met in New York this week, considered

continued on next page

from all angles protest lodged by Allen Gulbreton on behalf of his Ferrari, decided that Briggs Cunningham's Jaguar D, named provisional winner of 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance at Sebring, Fla. March 13, was still in first place on basis of recheck of official scoring records. Cunningham's Jaguar also took Class C honors. Other division winners: Class B—Ray Crawford's Lincoln-Kurtis; Class D—Gulbreton's Ferrari; Class E—S. H. Arnold's Arnolt Bristol; Class F—Cunningham's Onca; Class M—Porsche Company's Porsche; Class H—International Auto Sales' Renault.

SAILING

Host Mon, ugly, blue-bullied 39-foot yawl owned by Worth Brown, Charles Ulmer and Woody Fieis, finished seven behind F. S. Guggenheimer's scratch boat Mogi in slow St. Petersburg-to-Havana yacht race, won first place on 48:12:37 corrected time, captured Southern Ocean Racing Conference championship and Florida Governor's Cup with 236 points.

RACQUETS

Geoffrey W. T. Atkins, British-born Chicagoan, exploited tremendous forehand, overwhelmed Clarence C. Pell Jr. of New York 15-7, 15-5, 15-1 in 33 minutes in New York, added second U.S. amateur racquet championship to his British amateur and open, Canadian amateur titles.

TABLE TENNIS

Richard Miles of New York outstroked Richard Bergmann of London 21-15, 21-16, 21-21, 21-15, won his ninth U.S. open crown at Rochester, N.Y. New Yorker Leah Neuberger dethroned Chicago's Mildred Shaban 21-9, 24-22, 21-16 in women's singles.

TRACK AND FIELD

Don Gehrmann, onetime University of Wisconsin runner who battled Fred Wilt for mile supremacy in 1951, set world indoor record of 2:08.2 for 1,600-yard run in 1952, retired in 1953 at 25, announced plans for comeback in Milwaukee where he is business manager and director of boys' camp.

MILEPOSTS

MARRIED—Patty O'Brien, 23, of Santa Monica, Calif., husky, hard-working Olympic, Pan-American shot-punt champion, world record holder (60 feet 10 inches); to comely Sandra Cordery, 21, of Palm Springs, Calif., at Mexico City.

DIED—Emory W. (Ty) Helfrich, 64, former major leaguer, Pleasantville, N.J. High School baseball coach for 38 years, three weeks before high school stadium was to be renamed in his honor; of heart attack, at Pleasantville, N.J.

DIED—Victor Delamarre, 67, fabulous, colorful Canadian strong man, known as "King of Strength"; at Quebec. Delamarre once carried kicking horse up ladder, lifted 300 pounds with one hand.

DIED—William Reberison Coe, 85, financier, philanthropist, sportsman, famed horse breeder in 1920s and 1930s, father of Robert Douglas Coe, U.S. Ambassador to Denmark; after long illness, at West Palm Beach, Fla.

RESULTS OF GRAPEFRUIT-CIRCUIT GAMES

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Bos.	2. Wash.	3. N.Y.	4. K.C.	5. Cleve.
W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500	W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500	W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500	W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500	W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500
1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3
1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Atl.	2. Phil.	3. Chi.	4. St. L.	5. Pitt.
W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500	W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500	W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500	W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500	W-L: 1-4 Pct. .500
1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3
1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3	1-4 3-7 10-3

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

MIKE HAZARD, Belmont, N.Y., 25-m. AAA Eastern Inaugural Sweepstakes, in 14:35.3, Lexington, Pa.

BOXING

TOMMY (HURRICANE) JACKSON, 3-head KO over Chuck (Red) Sauer, Jerseyville, Wash., D.C.
JOHN SLADE, 8-round split decision over Bob Butler, Jerseyville, Wash., D.C.
SAMMY WALKER, 10-round split decision over Mike Sargent, midweight, New York.
TIBORIO MIRE, 10-round decision over Baby Ory, midweight, Milan.
DEL FLANAGAN, 5-round KO over Johnny Batten, welterweight, St. Paul, Minn.
RANCHO FUENTES, 10-round decision over George Beron, welterweight, Sydney, Australia.
CARMELO COSTA, 10-round decision over Joey Lopez, lightweight, New York.
RALPH DUPAS, 10-round split decision over Kenny Lane, lightweight, New Orleans.
ROY GARCIA, 4-round KO over Nita Brooks, featherweight, Brooklyn, N.Y.
RENT TERN, 7-round KO over Hugh Foley, Springfield, Mass., Calif.

COURT TENNIS

BARVARD, over Yale and Princeton, Intercollegiate Invitational, for James H. Van Allen Trophy, New York.

DOO SHOWS

DR. CANGSOLD'S STORM KING (golden retriever), best in show, Providence, R.I. Kennel Club.
CH. ROCK FALLS COLONEL (English setter), best in show, Harrisburg, Pa. Kennel Club, also at Natl. Capital Kennel Club, Washington, D.C.

GOLF

TOMMY MORROW, Shreveport, La., over Buck White, in sudden-death play-off, Golf Coast Invitational, Gulfport, Miss.

HORSE RACING

NANCY'S LAD, \$20,750 Favorite of Youth Handicap, 11½ m., by 2 lengths, in 1:43.3, Gulfstream Park, Hollywood, Fla. John Chiquito up.
GEANTIC \$14,500 Albany Handicap, 11½ m., by 2½ lengths, in 1:42 1/5, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif. Willie Skennaker up.

INDOOR POLO

NEW HAVEN, Conn., over Connecticut, New York, 5-0, at Pease (Indoor Polo) Tournament, New York.

RUGBY

ENGLAND, over Scotland, 9-4, for Calcutta Cup, Twickenham, England.

SHOOTING

UNITED CALIFORNIA IND. TEAM, Natl. Intercollegiate Rifle championship, with 1,422 of 1,500, Washington, D.C.

ST. JOHN'S, Natl. Rifle Assn. regional title, with 1,420, West Point, N.Y.

SWIM

BOSTON UNIV., New England Intercollegiate Six Con. over giant school, with 304 ft., Franconia, N.H.
JACQUES CHANLAIN, Three Rivers, Que., won invitation jump, with 221 ft., Lac Beauport, Que.

SOCCER

ELIMINAT., New York, over York Teachers, Philadelphia, 4-2, Eastern Bowl (first game), Natl. Challenge Cup, New York.

SWIMMING

(Eastern Intercollegiate championships, New Haven, Conn.)
JOHN GLOVER, Dartmouth, 50-yd. freestyle, in 0:22.3 (best record) 100-yd. freestyle, in 0:46.3
WILLIAM SCHNEER, N. Carolina St., 100-yd. backstroke, in 0:56.2 200-yd. backstroke, in 2:13.2
RICHARD NICHOLSON, Springfield, 440-yd. freestyle, in 4:24.6
DAVE JANKINS, Harvard, 200-yd. butterfly, in 2:13.0 (U.S. record)
NICHOLSON, 100-yd. freestyle, in 2:08.4
JAMES JOHNSON, Harvard, 200-yd. freestyle, in 2:08.4
ROBERT HALLISON, N. Carolina St., 200-yd. breaststroke, in 2:24.4
CHRIS KELLIG, Penn. St., 100-yd. free, with 1:47.0 pts.
JOHN WHITFIELD, Yale, 1-m. free, with 134.1 pts.
YALE, 200-yd. relay, in 2:42.3 (best record)
400-yd. freestyle relay, in 3:37 (best record).

TENNIS

TOMY TARBET, Cincinnati, over Vic Seixas, 6-3, 6-6, 6-3, Cincinnati Club singles, Palm Beach, Fla.
TARBET and SEIXAS over Nick Flann and Ed Schacht, 6-2, 6-0, Cincinnati Club doubles, Palm Beach, Fla.

HOCKEY

1. Detroit	2. Chicago	3. Montreal
W-L: 1-7 Pct. .35	W-L: 1-7 Pct. .35	W-L: 1-7 Pct. .35
1-7 3-5 10-3	1-7 3-5 10-3	1-7 3-5 10-3
1-7 3-5 10-3	1-7 3-5 10-3	1-7 3-5 10-3

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YESTERDAY

RUCKUS IN GEORGIA

by CHARLES LESEMAN

OCTOBER 4, 1923 was a day that stirred up a great deal of commotion in the town of Columbus, Ga. The cause of it all was a bout for the world light-heavyweight championship between Mike McTigue, the champion, and William Lawrence (Young) Stribling, the 18-year-old schoolboy of Macon, Ga. Harry Ertle, the referee and sole judge, handed down three decisions amid one of the loudest controversies that ever cropped up in the boxing game.

The McTigue-Stribling bout in Columbus was sponsored by the Charles S. Harrison Post of the American Legion, and was held outdoors in the afternoon. Major John Paul Jones, an Army man with a sea-going name, was the promoter. McTigue had won his title from Battling Siki in Dublin, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day 1923, outpointing Siki in 20 rounds. It was said of Siki that he, indeed, had the height of gumption to fight an Irishman in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day.

McTigue and his manager, Joe Jacobs, arrived in Columbus a week ahead of the fight date, and the champion trained at nearby Fort Benning, Ga.

The tumult got an early pitch when during the hours before sunrise on the day of the fight, McTigue issued the announcement from his hotel room that he would be unable to go through with the bout because of aggravation of an old injury to his left hand. Major Jones and his committee and Columbus boxing officials haggled and haggled with the champion. Newspapersmen found him in bed, nursing the ailing mitt in bandages and reiterating that there would be no fight. Doctors called in to examine McTigue's hand could find no condition to warrant a cancellation of the bout.

Word of McTigue's withdrawal created a mob scene in the street in front of his hotel. Angry fans, many of whom had traveled long distances to attend the fight, clamored to get McTigue in their clutches. They accused him of

trying to run out on Stribling and using the hand as a hoax. Only three days before, popular Georges Carpentier had knocked out Joe Beckett in the first round in London, and it was rumored that an offer of \$50,000 had been cabled from London for McTigue to defend his title against Carpentier. Therefore, it was alleged, he wanted to get out of the Stribling fight, fearing that Stribling would beat him and spoil his chance for the big money battle with Carpentier.

The crowd outside taunted McTigue until he could stand it no longer. At last, he appeared on a balcony overlooking the street. "Cold feet!" one of the mob shouted. McTigue blew his top. He shook a fist at the crowd.

"I'll fight him!" the champion roared. "I'll fight him with one hand and beat him!"

Shortly after noon, Stribling and McTigue were in their corners, ready for battle. Harry Ertle, the referee,

continued on next page

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RUCKUS continued

called them to the center of the ring for final instructions. Ertle was a celebrated boxing official. He was third man in the ring at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, on July 2, 1921, when Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier in boxing's first million-dollar gate attraction.

For the most part, the Stribling-McTigue bout was a dawdling affair with very little action coming from either fighter. It was hardly worth all the ruckus it engendered. Two guys sitting in the ring and playing a game of checkers would have produced as much excitement. Stribling forced what fighting there was in the infrequent exchanges. His left jab pecked at McTigue's face, and at infighting he matched the champion on even terms. In the third round, a light wrinkle of blood started from a small cut on the bridge of McTigue's nose. Other than this, there was no mark of battle visible on either contestant at the finish of 10 rounds.

The crowd cheered Stribling, especially in the seventh round when he rushed McTigue to the ropes and clipped the champion with a right to the jaw. Newspapermen covering the fight had Stribling ahead on points when it ended, but Ertle indicated a draw decision and placed himself right smack in the middle of a tremendous furor. Ertle tried to duck out of the ring, but the angry crowd surged forward and pushed him back. Major Jones clambered through the ropes.

"You've got to give a decision!" Jones barked at Ertle. "The crowd wants to know who won."

"I've given my decision," Ertle said. "It's a draw."

For half an hour, the squabble went on with Jones at Ertle's heels in the ring, and hotheads all around on the outside blocking the referee's exit. Ertle could see that he was in a tough spot. For his safety, he had to do something to pacify the mob. Changing his decision, he gave the bout to Stribling. After that he was permitted to leave the ring. An hour later, when he felt relatively safe, Ertle issued a statement in which he again reversed his decision, declaring the bout a draw. Thus McTigue's title was saved.

Accompanied by an escort of military police from Fort Benning, Ertle, McTigue and the champion's manager, Joe Jacobs, slipped out of Columbus during the night and were conveyed by automobile to Atlanta to make connection with a northbound train. (END)

TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for beginners and for weekend golfers of all classes

from **GEORGE AULBACH**, pro at Golfers Country Club, Houston, Texas

My pupils sometimes tell me, after they've hit a bad shot, that they looked up. Frequently that wasn't the case. I have to remind them that they had their head down all the way but that they were obviously thinking about some fundamental of the swing rather than concentrating on making contact with the ball.

Because this is such a common experience, when I am giving lessons I use practice balls each of which has a big black spot painted on it. This black spot reinforces the idea that the ball is a target that must be struck cleanly and effectively. I advise my pupils to concentrate on hitting the spot and not the ball. This gets a golfer thinking in terms of hitting a target, a fundamental of the game often forgotten when golfers begin to think of technique and theory.

Some people point out that it is hard to put spot-on-the-ball practice into effect on a regular round since the tee shot is the only shot where the golfer may place the ball so that a spot—or the brand name—is correctly positioned to serve as a target. My feeling here is that practicing hitting a ball with a definite target area marked on it is bound to develop an instinctive concentration and that after a while, spot or no spot, a golfer will focus on that all-important action: the actual striking of the ball.



practice (above);
actual play (right)

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TENNIS

GOING WEST?

There are signs that tennis may be breaking out of Forest Hills

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

Is Forest Hills about to lose its place as the tennis capital of America?

There are some indications that it may—and if the thought seems revolutionary, that is only a measure of the powerful tradition which this suburban section of New York City exercises on the game. And it might be a good thing for tennis, too.

During the annual meeting of the United States Lawn Tennis Association in January, for example, a delegate from the Pacific Coast rose during the controversy over Davis Cup dates and said that, if necessary, the Challenge Round could be played in California. "We would put a court in the middle of the Coliseum at Los Angeles," he said, "and play before 100,000 people."

The gentleman from California may or may not have intended to be facetious, but there was nothing facetious about the suggestion made by a New Orleans paper after we won the cup, that the defense this year might be made in New Orleans in connection with the Sugar Bowl. The argument was advanced that this was a festive



"I'm only the first.

occasion, that a good crowd would be assured and, besides, Hamilton Richardson, a member of the team, is a Louisiana boy. He lives in Baton Rouge and goes to college at Tulane.

These suggestions may seem a bit far-fetched at the moment, but they indicate a healthy trend. Perhaps they point to a national reawakening of tennis interest. Everybody, it seems, wants in on the act.

A COUP BY THE WEST

Certainly the Californians have projected themselves into a powerful position within the association. With the help of the South and Southwest, they blocked the proposed schedule for the 1955 nationals at Forest Hills and forced a revision of dates. They also, in a swift coup, were able to land the next convention meeting for San Francisco—a blow to Eastern delegates, who in recent years have almost taken a New York convention for granted.

At the moment, the dates for the Davis Cup Challenge Round are still up in the air. But the Australians are crying for a quick decision so that they can arrange a summer itinerary, which may exclude Wimbledon. The original dates set by the USLTA Committee were August 26-28 for the Challenge Round, September 2-11 for the nationals. The West Coast forced through dates of August 29-September 5 for the nationals, which means the Davis Cup and the tournament would run consecutively without a day's break. Perry Jones, President of the Southern California Tennis Association, continued on next page



There are 93 others.

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²⁴ *Id.*, n.p.p. 140.**TENNIS** continued from page 72

sociation, has been in town conferring with USLTA officials on possible compromise dates.

The question of moving the tennis nationals, as the U.S. Golf Association for example rotates its National Open and Amateur events around the country, offers interesting speculation. Forest Hills is the seat of U.S. tennis because it has the only adequate grass-court plant in the country. If the Davis Cup competition or nationals moved elsewhere, they would have to be played on another surface.

The East has a grass-courts monopoly. Yet in recent years we have seen a decline of the old turf fixtures. Seabright is no more. Southampton dropped out a year and now is back. Baltimore tried to put on a grass-court tournament but quit after two years.

There is agitation, particularly in Europe where the British Isles have the only grass courts, to put Davis Cup play on a uniform surface, such as clay or en-tout-caa. If Sweden, for instance, ever won the cup the Challenge Round would not be on grass. There are no grass-court tournament facilities in Sweden.

In our own country, more than 90% of the players don't have access to grass courts. Our emphasis on turf for championship events is a throwback to the old days when tennis was a fashionable lawn sport played at Cricket Clubs. Maybe we need to go modern. **END**

ANNIVERSARY



25 YEARS AGO this week Cornell Warmerdam, competing in the Chicago Relays, set a new world indoor record for the pole vault. After the rest of the field dropped out, Warmerdam topped the 13-foot mark three times. When he completed the record vault (25 feet 8 1/2 inches) the crowd of 14,000 watched the harrowing, then steady and remain in place. A cheer went up while Warmerdam picked himself, grinning, out of the sandpit. The Flying Dutchman had broken his own record. The mark he set still stands.

Please send a copy of this issue, without charge, to:

Figure 1

Abstract

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22

YOU SHOULD KNOW: golf's etiquette rules

It's that time again

ANOTHER golf season is upon us (those of us, that is, who weren't lucky enough to get south). All over the country, men and women are getting their clubs out of attics and cellars and polishing them in anticipation of warmer weather to come. We think this is a good time to call to your attention the basic rules of etiquette connected with golf—rules that beginners should become familiar with, and seasoned golfers would do well to review in the interest of making a day on the course more enjoyable for everyone. At a later date we'll discuss the manners of golf—little things that the considerate golfer does in the interest of others—but for now let's confine ourselves to the rules as formulated by the United States Golf Association.

1. Don't disturb the player

No one should move, talk or stand close to or directly behind the ball or the hole when a player is addressing the ball or making a stroke. Standing quietly at a good distance from the ball not only keeps you safely out of harm's way but gives the player a better chance to concentrate.

2. The honor

The player who has the honor should be allowed to play before his opponent or fellow-competitor tees his ball. This is standard courtesy. The man with low score on the previous hole tees up first on the next one.

3. Play it safe

No player should play until the players in front are out of range. Just use common sense. If in doubt, don't hit. Your good judgment can prevent injury.

4. Don't tarry

In the interest of all, players should play without delay. You do others a disservice by holding up play, and delay is no help to your own game.

5. Lost ball

Players searching for a ball should allow other players coming up to pass them; they should signal to the players following them to pass, and should not continue their play until those players have passed and are out of range. This, again, is in the interest of speeding up play for all.

6. In the trap

Before leaving a bunker, a player should carefully fill up all holes made by him therein. Think of the consequences your footmarks will have on matches behind you. Someone's ball may come to rest in a sand-trap hole you made, putting that player at an unfair disadvantage in making his next shot.

7. Repair damage

Through the green, a player should insure that any turf cut or displaced by him is replaced at once and pressed down, and that, after the players have holed out, any damage to the putting green made by the ball or the player is carefully repaired. In other words, the man who holes out after you deserves as smooth a green as you found. Others suffer from your carelessness.

8. Care of the green

Players should ensure that, when dropping bags or the flagstick, no damage is done to the putting green, and that neither they nor their caddies damage the hole by standing close to the hole or in handling the flagstick. The flagstick should be properly replaced in the hole before the players leave the putting green. Proper care of the putting green is vitally important. Any little depressions on the green's surface, especially near the hole, can throw a putt off line. If your ball makes a depression in the green, scoop it out with a golf tee, then press the turf back to a level plane.

9. Move on quickly

When the result of a hole has been determined, players should immediately leave the putting green. Linger on the green to add up your score for the hole just completed delays a following match. Add your score on the next tee, where you won't be holding up other golfers.

Illustration

The USGA has realized a film graphically depicting etiquette errors on the golf course. Rental fee is \$15. This 16 mm. film, which runs 17½ minutes, is available now for bookings. Write National Educational Films, Inc., 165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

by The Know-it-all

THE CHAIRMAN AND THE FIGHT GAME

Sirs:

I read several articles in SI on the fight game and it was indeed very enlightening. You may rest assured that our new Commission will do everything in its power to put boxing on a high level.

JAMES H. CROWLEY

Chairman

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania
State Athletic Commission

Williamsport, Pa.



THE FOUR HORSEMEN: JIM CROWLEY, THIRD FROM LEFT, OTHERS ARE DON MILLER, ELMER LAYDEN AND HARRY STUHLDREIER.

● SI welcomes the enlightened Chairman to this vital Commission. We know that Mr. Crowley will tackle his new assignment with the vigor, forthrightness and success that made him one of the most distinguished players and coaches in football history.—ED.

AS IF SHAKING HANDS

Sirs:

SI's article on Branch Rickey was truly a double-header, with its revealing account of Mr. Rickey's contribution to baseball and good living, and the smooth and easy control of Gerald Holland's writing arm of his interview as though you were shaking hands with Branch and actually hearing his own words of philosophy.

JAMES METCALFE

Dallas

MAN OF DISTINCTION

Sirs:

I'm just an ordinary sort of person but I do feel entitled to one small claim to distinction. Possibly I was the only person in the world who read the piece on Branch Rickey with one foot parked on the bathtub and clutching my pajama bottoms with one hand and bolding the magazine with the other. That article so enthralled me that I wasn't even aware of my somewhat bizarre appearance until I finally came to the end.

HAROLD SEVERSON

Kenyon, Minn.

WILL THEY EMERGE FROM THE CELLAR?

Sirs:

The opening spread on spring training camps by Creamer and Sutton was truly

Informative. SI, since it is a weekly publication, should be able to keep the baseball fan much closer to the game than other publications which do not appear on sale so often.

The article on Mr. Rickey by Mr. Holland was tops and it is a good sample of just what made Rickey so colorful. With a man like Rickey as head of the Pirates we can't help but feel that Pittsburgh will improve this year and make that N.L. race very tight. However, the Chicago Cubs are bringing up a strong contingent of minor league star pitchers which means the Pirates probably will have to pass some other team in '55 to emerge from the cellar. The Cubs have two 20-game pitchers, Thorpe and Andre, one 18-game hurler, Amor, one 17-game winner, Elston, plus three 16-game winners in Stanka, Hillman and Cohen to give the Chicago club the finest array of young pitching talent to come up to a major league team in history.

J. B. DONNELLO

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

BACKSEAT DRIVER

Sirs:

After reading the article Mr. Rickey and The Game (SI, March 7), I believe Mr. Rickey could use this Back Seat Driver's License. Would you be kind enough to forward it to Mr. Rickey for his signature and make sure that he carries it with him when he is chauffeur-driven.

PETER L. HOLLS

Cooperstown, N.Y.



TO: BRANCH RICKY c/o GUIDO ROMAN

● Thanks from Mr. Rickey, and reader Hollis' appointment as one of the Pirates' grandstand managers has been recommended.—ED.

YNE BEST

Sirs:

I read your article on Branch Rickey and think that it is the best I have ever read on him. I think that the author of it should be congratulated on a fine piece of work.

GARY ARNOLD

Los Angeles

THE MAN AND THE JOB

Sirs:

What a man! That Branch Rickey. What a job he has done for baseball, so entertainingly described by Gerald Holland. It's made me a baseball fan for the rest of my life.

More interviews like that one, please!

FRED W. JONES

Oakland, Calif.

LETTER FROM A VICTIM

Sirs:

I hardly know what to say. Mrs. Rickey was really pleased with the story. Our newspaperman has told me that the story is great, and another writer of some note stated that he considered it the best thing SI has done since it started. One of our Pittsburgh writers said to me yesterday that he thought it was the most outstanding job of writing that had been done in a long time in any magazine.

The amazing thing to me is that you have done so much with so little. I have been the continuous victim of humorous comment from Mother and Auntie and our close friends, even to the call of "grass-hopper." You know darn well that when I bobbed from one subject to another so apparently rapidly it was done because of some lead given me or some question asked. Entirely apart from the story, I had real enjoyment in my visit with you.

I wondered what it was, in substance, that I had been able to give you about which you could write at all. More than ever have I come to know as I did about Trader Horn that a good writer can take fictional material and make it very real. I confess that your close adherence to some personal detail was too faithful to the facts to be overwhelmingly welcome. But, I am as I am, and Jane says you got me.

My kindest regards,

BRANCH RICKY

Pittsburgh

NO FERRARI KEY IN HIS MOUTH

Sirs:

I read your excellent publication weekly, and am happy that you have been peep-curious enough to include motor sports.

Just one sour note. I did resent the allusion (in SI's March 7 *Daytona's Roaring Week*) to the cars of NASCAR's "Sportsmen's Class" as "flying junkies." This glib but ill-chosen phraseology reflects not only on NASCAR, which has done a wonderful job of promoting safe and organized stock car racing, but on the boys who out of guts, sweat, ingenuity, hard labor and privation build these modified stock cars.

I know from experience in both fields that these "flying junkies" are held in contempt by most SCCA members. But their drivers are, by and large, spirited and courageous. They race for the same reasons that Briggs Cunningham, Phil Walters, Juan Fangio, or any of the others race . . . because they love it and they want to win. No stock car jockey ever wound up the season with a big pot full of money.

There probably is not one of these boys

who wouldn't rather drive a Ferrari or a Cunningham, unless he could build his own to compete in that class. Tazio Nuvolari, the greatest, came into the auto racing world via a broken-down motorcycle. Troy Ruttman cranked a lot of high-priced iron with his '46 Mercury hot rod in the first Mexican road race. And Fangio himself, I believe, raced a Chevrolet in the South American stock car road races.

Not everyone can be born with a Ferrari key in his mouth. The stock car jockeys are rough, tough, determined . . . and poor. And they often look it. But they do the best they can with what they have, and that deserves respect in any man's sport.

H. WILLIAM EGGER

Roscoe Junction, Vt.

BY GEORGE, IT'S THE BIGGEST SIX.

Before I start, I think that I'd better say that I have no quarrel with your magazine; in fact, I think that it is the finest sporting publication I have ever laid eyes on. But, and this is the beef: in *SOUNDTRACK* March 14, you gave the impression



THE BIGGEST DRUM?

that the drum owned by Harvard University is the largest piece of percussion worldwide and metal extent. This ain't so.

That other drum you mentioned, the one belonging to the University of Chicago, is now the proud possession of the University of Texas Longhorn Band, and we firmly believe that it, not Harvard's, is the largest of drum in this country. . . . The drum, the Texas one, not the Harvard, is eight feet in diameter, and it too is mounted on bicycle wheels. Rather than have poor undergraduate labor pull it around, as Harvard does, we've bought a tractor to do the job.

Of course we can't play the thing in stadiums, and who is going to beat it remains an unsolved problem, but, by George, it's the biggest drum in captivity in this country, and the University of Texas owns it.

WILLIAM W. WATERHUS

Austin, Texas

● Come, come now. There must be a TEXAN big enough to beat the drum for Texas. —ED.

THAT SMUG SPORTSMANSHIP

Sirs: *SOUNDTRACK* for March 14, speaking of the old-time tennis player who thought the umpire had erred in his favor and threw the next point, says nostalgically that "the

idea must still be lying around somewhere."

Now it wouldn't be the umpire's mistake, but the linesman's; umpires make no calls. And here is one linesman blacked by 29 years' sun who wishes fervently that the idea were merely lying around. Unfortunately it isn't: every tournament sees these high-headed gestures, and every tournament would be the better if they were eliminated but completely.

For one thing, the gesture is generally a phony. It takes ten thrown points to correct an error, and did you ever see two points thrown? Or one point, for that matter, if it meant losing a crucial game? . . .

For another, the player assumes the job of the linesman; and he isn't always right.

And finally, the only sure effect is to make some hard-working linesman look bad. The poor guy sits with a red face and rage in his heart and wishes himself passionately anywhere else. He is there on his own time and at his own expense; he gets no pay and the only time anybody looks at him is when he's under fire . . .

The only possible policy is for the players to take the calls as they come and go ahead with the game. Nobody minds an occasional sincere protest; no one understands the desperate "Oh NO!" of a tense and exhausted boy fighting for his life in a ding-dong five-set battle. But damn the smug "sportsmanship" of the point-throwing grandstander who exalts his heroic self at the linesman's expense.

MYRON GLUCKER

Stoughton, Mass.

● But SI's Bill Talbert recalls that at a crucial point in the 1945 National Clay Court Championship his opponent Pancho Segura threw a point after Talbert received a bad call. Segura lost the game, set and championship. —ED.

A VERY BRAVE YOUNG LADY

Sirs:

As a physical therapist I have treated many spinal fracture cases and know the time and expense involved in treatment.

I am sending this contribution to aid

EARLY INVASION

Sirs:

Your issue of March 14 (*WONDERFUL WORLD*) would make it appear that women's rowing is something brand new under the sun.

Women invaded the "man's sport" long before 1935—at Cornell University in any event. They took up oars as early as 1896

Sister Jill Kinnmont, a very brave young lady on her way to as complete a recovery as possible.

Also I should like to have my name added to the list of those wanting a copy of *THE RING THE TOP* if it is ever published as a pamphlet. —complete.

Your magazine is certainly filling a need for the sports enthusiasts of this country.

DOROTHY MATCHETT

Chicago

● Our sincere thanks to Miss Matchett. The Far West Ski Assn. (Huntington Hotel, Pasadena, Calif.) reports that the Jill Kinnmont Fund has benefited greatly from SI's generous readers. But more money is needed to see Jill through the long hospitalization that lies ahead. —ED.

THE LANGUAGE OF SPORTS

Sirs:

A nature-loving friend told me to be sure to see the flamingo pictures in SI. So I got my first copy, and I am delighted. John O'Reilly's story of the businessmen's begonia from their 9 to 5 responsibilities in quest of photographs was up to the caliber of the pictures. What a refreshing change from the usual stories of animal slaughter in darkest Africa! Many of us care deeply about conservation of wild life, and I applaud your magazine for stating the case for the flamingos.

Your article on Mr. Branch Rickey was a pure joy. It's encouraging to know that the language of sports is not necessarily dense, dead and slow.

I also enjoyed the *SOUNDTRACK* department with those minuscule illustrations by Ajay (do you pay him by the inch?).

You show some faith in the intelligence of your readers, instead of writing down for childish minds (the most infuriating sin of the women's magazines).

LAURINE A. WINLACK

Washington, D.C.

● Ajay draws by the inch but is paid by the week. —ED.

continued on next page

and by the 1960s were participating in annual regattas, rowing both intramurally and with other colleges.

The crews worked out on the Cayuga Lake inlet, beginning at 6:30 a.m. and ending with a two-mile trek back up the hill in time for morning classes.

MRS. S. D. TABER

Ithaca, N.Y.



CORNELL'S EARLY WOMEN'S CREW

ANGELIC CRICKS

Sirs:

Down here on the pearl of the gulf, where sportsmen congregate, a lot of us have permanent cricks in the neck from ogling skyward at our Blue Angels while they write intricate vapor trails against the blue.

It pleased us all to see their recent picture and writup in the Feb. 21 issue but we were somewhat disappointed. Only the leader was identified. Surely you can do better than that for us.

C. M. IVEY

Corpus Christi, Texas



THE SIX ANGELS

● The Angels: Back to the camera Lt. Mello Pirozzi; facing him are Lt. William Gureck, Commander Richard Cormier, Lt. Commander Richard Newhafer and Lt. Kenneth Wallace. Leaning over plane is Lt. Edwin McKellar. Four Angels fly as a team, a fifth amuses the crowds while the team regroups after stunts and the last man is held in reserve.—ED.

INISHINABI AND WILD BILL STEQUA

Sirs:

As one taught to boil water by Inishinabi, celebrated Indian chief of the Golden Lake Reserve (who does it in less than four minutes), I assure you, no point is served by piling those large sticks around the pot (St. March 7, *Wilderers or W'iderers?*). They won't contribute any heat unless the whole operation goes to six minutes or more. The trick is to get it within the first 12 seconds, then let your flames lead you to more wood, not your wood the flames.

As one who learned to paddle from Wild Bill Stequa, famous Algonquin park guide, and from Ronald H. Perry, I must point out that Mr. Guldner would have a tough time maneuvering his craft.

I wonder how the Camp Fire Club members would fare in the senior test of our own Blackfoot Club: spend five days in the bush with just heavy boots and clothing, an axe and a knife. It was the only time in my life I found roots, bark and grubs to be tasty. But getting a fire was easy, using a stick, split log, leather shoe lace and mouse's nest.

JACK BRUNKE

Toronto

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Sirs:

The controversy surrounding the problem of televising collegiate football games has failed of a peaceful solution because

neither the collegiate officials nor the network executives have approached it with sufficient boldness and imagination.

Therefore, I am taking the liberty of submitting for your consideration a "Modest Proposal" which, if adopted, would enormously benefit all interested parties.

The crux of the problem is that football today falls far short as a spectacle of the high standards to which the public, and more importantly, the commercial sponsors have become accustomed.

It does so for the following reasons:

1) The stadia are all wrong. The neo-classic stadium of today, designed as it was for watching the consumption of Christians by carnivores, is not at all suitable for the age of the Split-T and the cathode tube.

New stadia, specifically designed for television, must be built immediately. These will be equipped with plastic domes to insure that the spectacle will not fall prey to inclement weather.

Modern, shadow-proof artificial lighting must be installed.

Above all the possibility of the camera's showing rows of empty seats must be eliminated. Empty seats have a poor psychological effect on the viewer. They make him think of his own business problems and therefore render him unresponsive to the sponsor's message.

2) The spectators, both of the collegiate and post-collegiate variety, are all wrong.

The collegiate spectators are eager, but pitifully untrained. They invariably attempt to provide a half-time "show." This is inevitably a mistake and the result can be ranked, entertainmentwise, somewhere between a rustic pageant and a flea circus.

The hands play poor music badly. Their marching is atrocious.

To bring the half-time pageantry up to the same level of slickness that characterizes every other aspect of commercial television, the nation's foremost composers of popular music must be engaged to rewrite the college songs, and top-flight professional musicians and "cheerers" must be employed to play them, march to them and to sing them.

The post-collegiate spectator presents a more complex problem. The trouble with him is that he is in the stadium at all! He has endangered the happiness of his home by abandoning his family to attend the game. He has endangered his health by riding in a draughty, germ-ridden car or

bus, and then sitting, exposed to the elements, on cold wooden bleachers. He has probably drunk too much and spent too much of his hard-earned money. And, above all, he is in a position where he cannot possibly be reached by the sponsor's message!

All amateur spectators must henceforth be barred from televised games. This will not only protect the health of the average American male but it will also safeguard his home. And, of course, it will insure that he will be comfortably absorbing the sponsor's message while the money he would have frittered away if he had gone to the game is burning a hole in his pocket. He will, therefore, be most responsive to applied salesmanship.

His place would be taken by filmed effects which could be appropriately "dubbed in." This would save everyone a great deal of money and trouble.

3) Let's face facts. The trouble with most football games lies in the plot.

Improvisation has its place, but it is not on a commercial network. *Cupboard football is an anachronism and must go!*

A team of top-flight writers in the field of violence and suspense must be engaged to produce exciting scripts. A network code to guarantee highest standards of suspense must be drawn up. Such a code would call for, let us say, a minimum of 24 points a game with the final issue in doubt until the last two minutes, or after the concluding commercial with the big gift offer.

As a sop to the "egg-head" contingent, occasional experimental scripts should be encouraged for use on the smaller networks — perhaps a controversial 4-4 tie by, let us say, Truman Capote, or a Tennessee Williams production calling for the unmetaphorical flogging of a small and decadent Southern academy by a monstrous university from out of the North...

To those who naively suggest that skillfully planned "games" would lack spectator interest, I need only point to the unaltered success of wrestling as a television "sport," and perhaps with a little less certainty, to some of the recent productions of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, President).

I submit, Sir, that this "Modest Proposal" of mine would bring football into complete harmony with every other aspect of our dynamic modern civilization.

ALDEN C. LINGUAL

Washington, D.C.



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